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DS Chapman  
August 1909

# RANDOLPH METHYL:

A STORY OF

## ANGLO-INDIAN LIFE.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF THE

“HISTORY OF THE SIEGE OF DELHI.”

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VOLUME II.

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# RANDOLPH METHYL.

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## CHAPTER. I.

WAR SEEN FROM BEHIND—RANDOLPH'S WOUND—PEDIGREE  
AND HISTORY OF MANURAT, THE SON OF RATTAN.

IN the evening doolies and carts bearing sick and wounded men came from every hospital in the camp, till, joining together, they formed a long train of unfortunates. In one litter lay a man with his leg amputated above the knee; in another, a man recovering from an attack of cholera; and behind him might be seen one reduced to a shadow by chronic dysentery. The procession crossed the bridge and away past the field of Badle Serai. The wounded soldiers thought tearfully of their comrades sleeping there quietly under the plashing ground. They got safely to Rhai, two marches from Delhi. Here they rested for the night; some

refreshment was prepared and served out to the fainting invalids ; and such as were able to sleep had forgotten their pain in their exhaustion, when they were awakened by cries of alarm and the clatter of horses' hoofs along the road. "The enemy's sowars are upon us," was the cry. It turned out to be the Sikh horsemen whom Bakht Khan had dislodged from Alipore, and the alarm was allayed when they heard that the rebels were still some miles off. They made another march, and heard no more of the enemy.

The last stage was from Pipli to Umballa, for the sick the most tiresome of all. Every one was wearied with continual shifting, loss of sleep, and want of proper nourishment and attendance. Their wounds were undressed and uncomfortable, and their bedding dirty and soaked with rain. Invalids, however, can bear travelling better than physicians in Europe have had any opportunities of knowing. To be sure, travelling by litter is the easiest method by which a sick man could be transported. Randolph wearied sorely to see the first bungalow of the cantonment, and was continually asking Manu-



rat (who, having deposited his bundle upon the top of the doolie, trotted along by his side) whether they had yet come near Umballa. With that anxiety to convey pleasing information characteristic of natives, he stated the place was at hand when it was more than five miles off, and seemed less sure of its being near the farther they got on their way. The slowest trot comes to an end at last, and at some hour in the night the wearied bearers reached Umballa, and deposited their load in the verandah of one of the barracks. Randolph remained in the doolie till morning, when the superintending surgeon and the staff surgeon came to see the wounded. Two better or kinder-hearted men never approached a sick bed. Randolph was struck by the remarkable quickness and sagacity shown by the staff surgeon in taking up the details of every new case as it came before him, and the singularly correct estimate he formed of the state of health of each patient. He felt Randolph's pulse, looked at his face, and then at the wound.

“It is not healing so kindly as we could

wish," said he; "you must go to the hills at once, when I hope it will take on a new action."

Manurat was very discontented when he heard they were going to the hills. He requested permission to go and see his wife at Meerut; and one night, having, as it afterwards turned out, smoked a quantity of churrus "with three brothers of Jallander," he came up to his master's room, and insisted that he had dismissed him from his service. Randolph wished to allow the man leave, on his promising that he would return after a stipulated time; but the doctor would not hear of it; he would get his throat cut on the road, and where would he get such a servant again? So the bearer was satisfied with a Treasury draft for thirty rupees, which he got to send to his wife.

During the three days they were at Umballa, Manurat managed to fill up the ranks of the underservants, as he thought it proper he should be independent of the hill people, who, he observed, were very bad and deceitful men. Manurat's pedigree was interesting. His grandfather had been a bearer in the days of Warren Hastings, and



had accompanied his master to Madras, where he had attended him very faithfully in a long illness. The gentleman, on leaving for England, gave him a thousand rupees, an immense sum for a native ; and he returned, like a man who had made his fortune, to his native village, near Cawnpore. The family chronicles state that he possessed a camel, a horse, and a palki, and gave many sweetmeats to holy Brahmins. The old gentleman was of course an object of great veneration amongst his relations ; but, unhappily, beginning to question the disinterestedness of their motives, he became suspicious and misanthropical. He sold the camel, horse, and palki at the most advantageous terms he could, and concentrating all his property into a heavy bag of rupees, he solemnly walked to the Ganges, which was conveniently near, followed by all his relations and friends, endeavouring to dissuade him. Having bid them farewell, with much politeness, he threw himself into the holy stream, with the bag of rupees tied round his neck ; neither the one nor the other being ever more heard of. His son, Rattan, being thus deprived both of his father and inheri-

tance, lived some time as a ryot in the village, where a singular accident befell him. One night he was sleeping by the side of his wife, when a terrible figure appeared before his bed, and told him to come along with him. This was the messenger of death. Poor Rattan was obliged to go, and was rapidly conducted by the same figure, and another like him, over the earth's surface, till they came to the foot of a ladder. It was very wide, and the top reached to heaven. They held him between them, and made him ascend. On reaching the top he was hurried away to an immense chamber, in which was seated an awful figure, who wore on his head a red pugarie, which touched the roof. The chamber was like a cutchery, and all around were rolls, which contained a record of the deeds of every living man. A number of souls was waiting for judgment. One, the shade of a wealthy, but avaricious merchant, was ordered to live upon the money which he had given in charity to the poor, in the course of his life. The amount was credited to him once a year. Another, the soul of a great rajah, very fond of making war upon his neighbours,



was condemned to bear all the misery and wounds he had himself brought amongst others. At last Rattan's turn came. "Who is this?" said the heavenly judge.

"This is the man Rattan, whom you summoned."

"This is not the man. *His* day of death is not yet come. Take him away to his own house again. The man whom I wanted lives in the village of Kannaghar, near Cawnpore; his name is also Rattan, and he is an oil-seller."

Our friend was very much relieved, on hearing this respite, and began to talk with the two figures, as they led him away. They allowed him to look about him a little. He saw many beautiful gardens, tanks, and palaces, which were the reward of a virtuous life upon earth. He saw a great many Hindus, especially Brahmins. There might have been plenty Mahomedans and Christians, but he did not notice any. However, they did not allow him to stay long; but took him down the ladder, and restored his soul to the copper-coloured body which it had left a short while before.

Rattan awoke with a start and a shout, which

awakened everybody in the house. “Is there a man Rattan, an oil-seller in Kannaghar village?” cried he. “Go and see if he is dead, or not.”

He then related his story; and a messenger was sent. The morning was breaking when he arrived, and the man’s mother was sitting working at the door. On his inquiring for her son, she went into the house, but presently gave utterance to a shriek of horror. Rattan, the oil-seller, was lying dead in his bed. Wishing to get out of the reach of another mistake of this kind, perhaps not so easily mended, the other Rattan left his village, without mentioning where he was going; and took service as a bearer with an English gentleman. He was at the siege of Bhartpur, and, like most of his class, had a great variety of masters, in whose services he travelled and campaigned over almost the whole of India. He supposed that, having died once, he was allowed a second lease of life, commencing from the date of his resurrection; and certain it is, that at this time, though an extremely old man, he was still hale and vigorous, able to beat his wife, and walk ten miles a day. His intelligence was also good, and he



wrote beautifully in the Nagari character. He believed his age to be a hundred years. It could not well be less than eighty—a great age for a native. He had had three families. The first two were all dead. “My sons,” he said, “turned old men before me; their hair became white, and their teeth fell out.” The bearer’s mother was a cross old woman; when her husband beat her, she used to refuse to eat anything. Cicero has remarked, whilst dilating on the advantages of old age, that little old women can endure the want of food for two or three days; and certain it is, that old Rattan generally repented of allowing his passions to get so much mastery over him. Manurat was his youngest son; at this time he was about twenty-seven years of age. When a boy, he had followed his father in the last Cabul campaign, and served with Captain Dean Sahib, “Tird Dragoons,” in the battles of the Punjaub; but such fighting as at Delhi he had never seen before. “Since the world was created,” he used to say, “such a war never was.” He had a profound hatred of the Sepoys, having stolen one of their wives, as he understood

it was an old custom with the Hindus, that a man should select his own partner, if his father had neglected to provide one for him. However, this high caste alliance had offended his brothers—that is, those of his own caste. They sat in judgment upon him, and compelled him to pay fifty rupees to purchase wine, flesh, and sweetmeats to themselves. Three days they feasted; and at the end of the third, they gave the hukka to Manurat, as a sign that he and his lady were admitted into the brotherhood of the Chamar.

Manurat had no children, but had been bequeathed two from his sister, whom he treated as his own. In fact, he had shown them to Randolph as his, with that weak disposition to tell untruths which even the most honest natives cannot avoid. He had also given out his caste to be Kahar instead of Chamar—a shade of superiority indifferent to a European. These two delusions he kept up with a pertinacity and caution that astonished Randolph very much, who one day accidentally found out that they were untrue. What with keeping his old father and mother, his wife, and the two children,

Manurat was always in debt ; which, however, he took very easily. He grumbled more at the behaviour of his badmash brother, as he called him, who refused to help to support his parents, and threatened that he would destroy his caste if he persisted in his undutiful conduct.

A better servant than Manurat could not be. He could pitch a tent, saddle a horse, load a camel, or a revolver, with the same dexterity. Everything in camp or cantonment he could do. He kept the other servants in order, and was always cheerful and contented himself. In his manners and address he was free and open ; that is, with natives, as behoves a man who has seen much of the world. His conversation was intelligent enough ; but he was a man of deeds, not words, and had not the literary accomplishments of his sire. He could not write, and would not learn. Randolph, during his illness, tried to teach him. He committed to heart the names of the Persian characters, but Randolph failed to make him understand their power ; he could not perceive why *b-a-p* should make *bap*, any more than *a-b-p* or



*p-a-b.* He attributed this to the want of a quality called sarsatti. If a man had sarsatti, he could learn to read without difficulty; if he had not, he could not. Boys required beating in addition to correct their natural indolence and tendency to play. He himself had no sarsatti, and how could he learn to read? He was not an indolent man, and never played. This, however, was rather too flattering; like most natives, he passed a good part of his time in sleeping, and was very fond of playing at marbles, for money, with any one who was hardy enough to try his skill against him. The remainder of his leisure time was passed in smoking and getting himself shaved. He was *not* fond of going to the bazaar. In person he was about the middle height of natives, which is rather lower than that of Europeans. He had a good face, bright eyes, and a manly and intelligent expression; he was broad-shouldered, with small hands and feet, and very neatly made; in complexion rather darker than the majority of his race.

Randolph remembered distinctly that the Sepoy in the terrible affair at the mess-room had called

him a chamar; this Manurat was able to explain. Our hero had, one day, detailed to the subahdar the story of his descent from the redoubtable tanner of Ostermarch; and the old scoundrel had spread through the regiment that Methyl Sahib's family were chamars, that is, workers in leather, men of the lowest caste in India.

Randolph was again propped up in a doolie for his journey to the hills. Starting in the evening with a torch-bearer, ere morning he was at Kalka. He noticed that the night air was considerably cooler as they neared the mountains; but there was no ascent or break in the level plain of Hindustan till, a few paces beyond the hotel, the heights of Kussouli shot up towards the sky. Bearers were provided to carry him up the hill—sturdy mountain lads, who tied poles to the doolie, and lifted it up on their shoulders. Randolph felt how weak and unnerved sickness had made him. He clung to the doolie as it swayed up and down on the edge of the precipices that sank from the narrow road winding and twisting to the top of the hill; the slightest start of the bearers seemed enough to pre-

cipitate him thousands of feet. He felt it hot enough at first, but soon got into cooler currents of air. The bamboo and banana were no more seen, and in their places came the pine and barberry; and twining round them, or clinging to the clefts, at their roots, the convolvulus and the St. John's wort, and many a plant, and many a flower, that brought back thoughts of home. There was no sound on the hill side save the tramp of the bearers and the wind sighing among the Himalayan pines; but at last they heard the voices of Europeans and the baying of bull-dogs. At a sudden turn of the road the doolie stood level on the parade ground. There were English ladies seated on the verandahs of the barracks and children playing at the doors. In a few minutes he was in the dâk bungalow of Kuss-ouli.



## CHAPTER II.

MRS. MORRIS'S GOLDENE HOCHZEIT, AND HER FIRST VISIT  
TO THE HILLS—INDIA BEFORE THE DELUGE.

WE must now return to Mrs. Morris and her spouse. After their marriage they set off to Mr. Morris's district at Madhuganj in a palki gari. The Commissioner had bought a new one for the purpose. All pockets and receptacles were stuffed with provisions and things likely to be wanted on the road, and on the top were seated his khidmutgar and her ayah. Nevertheless, they seemed to have little pleasure in their journey. A palki gari is rather a confined conveyance, and the presence of another person, especially in hot weather, becomes a silent annoyance.

We know already that Mrs. Morris was dissatisfied with herself and her choice. A haughty woman with an irritable temper, in such a frame of

mind, cannot travel long with any one without finding some exciting cause for dispute and wrangling. It was the second day before an open rupture took place.

They had stopped at a small dâk bungalow near a little town, and the Khansamah promised to give them some mutton to dinner. It turned out so very bad that the disappointed Commissioner, who observed no bounds of temper with natives, slashed the whole of it on the face and turban of the unfortunate Mussulman.

It would be difficult, at this distance of time and space, to settle who was most in fault. New comers in India are apt to blame older residents for what their experience teaches them to be but necessary self-defence. Mrs. Morris criticised her spouse's treatment of the man; she thought that he had done his best; declared that the fowl and curry he brought were delicious, and suspected that the mutton was good enough. Mr. Morris dined upon six hard-boiled eggs. There was a long dispute, and finally a quarrel.

That day Mrs. Morris took up the attitude of

defender of the natives ; and certainly she had an onerous and thankless task. Mr. Morris was a rough, overbearing man, harsh and oppressive in his own district. He was accustomed to rule, and any contradiction goaded him to fury. Her interference only made him worse. There was little to satisfy her when she reached her new home. The house was a plain but roomy cottage ; the furniture scanty and inelegant ; the garden trampled down and full of weeds. New furniture was got, and an expensive piano ordered from Calcutta, but, unhappily, they could not change their residence, save to a worse house, for the best in the civil lines had been secured by the assistant-surgeon in charge, who was an older resident than the Commissioner.

Europeans in India live in very much the same style, and enjoy very much the same conveniences and luxuries.

The Commissioner rode to the cutchery on a three hundred rupee horse, and only differed from the rest in putting more rupees at the end of the month into the bag. The military cantonment was five miles off, through a large native town,



and there was little intercourse with the officers. The civilians associated with one another. Each knew the value of his own society, and would not give it to any one, save on terms of perfect equality. The natives certainly salaamed low enough to the bara sahib, and the sirdars in the neighbourhood were eager to please him, but what did any one care for them? Natives and Europeans never speak with one another, save to transact necessary business.

Her husband became more and more disagreeable to her every day; she longed for his going away in the morning, and saw him return with a feeling of disappointment every evening. He himself had married, thinking it would increase his direct happiness, and was shocked at the result.

He was anxious to bring matters to a more satisfactory footing; but after all, what could he do? Their tastes were perfectly uncongenial; things went in their inevitable train—estrangement, peevishness, irritation, and wrangling. The one always found reason to disagree with what the other said. She regarded him as a coarse, tyrannical, selfish,

and sensual man; she had no eye for his good qualities, and no charity for his failings. In truth, she liked to hear of them, as she made every one of them an excuse for her own behaviour to him. He soon began to regard her as an insolent, extravagant, and capricious young woman, who had married him from mercenary motives, and thought it unnecessary to have his good will any longer. He determined to make her feel how much she was still dependent upon him; and she soon began to quail before him, though not to yield to him. The civil war soon showed itself without; each had his own adherents and allies. He began to find his house so disagreeable, that he rejoiced when business led him to take his tents, and go into the district. She neither regretted his absence nor welcomed his return. At last they became so much annoyed and irritated at one another, that she would not speak to him for weeks at a time. The Commissioner was accustomed to female society, but not to female caprice. He had led a rather dissolute life, and his native mistresses had tried to please him like slaves. He compared, with sadness,

their soft and voluptuous endearments to her bitter manner and unyielding disposition. There was a "girhisti" in the station who had had a child to him, but whom he had pensioned off before his marriage. She was soon informed of the discord between the newly-married pair, and sent him a message, imploring him to come and see his child. One day, while he was in the district, one of her women ventured to tell Mrs. Morris that he had visited this woman several times. At first she would scarcely believe it; but the woman brought proofs she could not resist. She remembered the conversation of the two servants she had overheard at Meerut. Her ayah easily read the expression of rage and shame upon her countenance. "He is a very bad man," said she. "What a shame, when he has so beautiful a wife! My husband was a great scoundrel, and brought another woman into the house; but I left him, and ran away to my father, and now do the work of an ayah." Her father—Mrs. Morris had been thinking of him of late; he wrote her very affectionate letters now; and she sent him money.

It was two or three days before the Commissioner



came back, and she had time to turn the matter over. She would not have any open rupture or separation, but remain with him she would not. She understood clearly what to do. She could leave for the hills, and manage to get the doctor to advise her to return to Europe, in the cold weather, for her health, when she could live very comfortably with her father, drawing remittances from her unfaithful spouse.

When he returned, she stated her resolution to go to the hills at once, before the hot season was further advanced. It was towards the end of March. He opposed it at first, more out of a desire to annoy her, than from any wish to enjoy her company in the hot season. This was overcome. She intended to go to Simla. The Commissioner would not consent to it. He had heard officers boasting of the impressions they had made on the hearts of married ladies at that gay sanitarium; and had resolved that no wife of his should ever go there.

“What objection can you have to me going to Simla, save that it is the healthiest and most pleasant of all the hill stations?”

“Very likely. They are all very much alike ; You will find Nynee Tal or Kuss-ouli quite as pleasant.”

“Perhaps I shall like them better.”

“I have no doubt you will,” said the Commissioner, blandly.

“Then let me visit them all, and I’ll choose the one I like best.”

“I have already told you that I do not wish you to go to Simla.”

“Yes, but you never gave me any reasons.”

“Well, what of that? Don’t bother me for reasons.”

“Because if you have none, you may change your mind to-morrow.”

“I do not see what right you have to peer into people’s reasons.”

“Well, when I am expected to act upon them, you may excuse me wishing to know them. Simla is a very good sanitarium, and the society there is better than any other place.”

“The society is rather too gay for one so young and inexperienced as you.”

“Oh, that is your reason,” said Mrs. Morris, who knew what it was very well all along; “*la belle raison*. You think, I suppose, that I shall spend too much money. I’ll take care of that, and send you down my bills every month, to audit.” This was a cut at a recent attempt at retrenchment by the Commissioner.

“It is not that at all,” roared Morris; “but I don’t think you are fit to take care of yourself.”

“Ah, well; deprived of your valuable precepts, and still more immaculate example, there is no saying what may become of me; but I can tell you it is exceedingly wrong of you to slander the society of a place—people who are much better than yourself.”

“Very likely they are,” quoth the Commissioner; “but go to Simla you *shall not*.”

His buggy was brought at the moment, and he rode away to the cutchery in a humour which frightened his native officials to death. The contest was carried on with great obstinacy on both sides; but the Commissioner was so persistent that Mrs. Morris was at last inclined to yield to the

suggestions of her ayah, who advised her to promise to go to Kussouli, and then she could easily say that there was no suitable house to be let at that place, when she could proceed to Simla. Her pride revolted at such a stratagem, but she used it nevertheless. Mr. Morris was furious when he understood the nature of the trick played upon him. He could not help himself, however.

Simla\* is, as the reader probably knows, a large sanitarium in the Himalayas, the houses and cottages built here and there on the level plots of a high mountain peak six marches from the plains. The climate during the summer months is much finer than that of most hill stations. The scenery around is remarkable for its severe beauty; but the hills are too steep even for an active pedestrian, and the roads are few and narrow.

Mrs. Morris took a beautiful bungalow in Chota Simla. She soon found herself in the middle of the society for which she had so long wished. The Commander-in-Chief, with his

\* There is a description of Simla in the author's "History of the Siege of Delhi."



staff, took up his residence at Simla, and a recent "general order," facilitating absence on leave, let loose a number of the gayest young officers of both services, from all parts of India. Of course there was a great majority of lady residents, and though most of them were married, some seemed willing enough to wile away tedious hours in the society of the gentlemen that were near. Mrs. Morris had plenty of admirers, and gave herself up to that love of admiration which she had long promised to gratify. This love of admiration has to some minds the effect that wine, opium, or haschisch has to the nervous system. One finds it pleasant at first ; requires it in ever increasing quantities, and becomes utterly miserable if it is withheld ; and forgets health, fame, and fortune in order to retain its indulgence. Her whole life was a series of entertainments, balls, pic-nics, and rides on the course, accompanied by her different admirers. To pay open attentions to a married lady was a thing that now and then passed unchallenged at Simla ; as people said, what was the harm of it?

"Mrs. Morris," wrote a kind friend to the Com-

missioner, "is attracting universal admiration by her beauty, accomplishments, and amiable disposition. I congratulate you most sincerely upon the prize you have gained."

Two or three days after a khidmatgar he had sent along with her returned to Madhuganj, saying the mem sahib had dismissed him for some quarrel with her ayah.

"Does the mem sahib amuse herself much?"

"She takes much pleasure; she never remains in the house," said he.

"Does any one come to see her?" asked the Commissioner.

"Without doubt, Gharibparwar, many young sahibs come to visit her; that's the custom," said the fellow.

Mr. Morris could not ask him any more for very shame; besides, he knew that what the man said could not be relied on. He wrote Mrs. Morris letters full of good advice, which she never read through. In truth, she imagined that her duty to him was entirely gone, the tie broken by himself. She had selected her house for its romantic situa-

tion upon the edge of a cliff, with rocks rising above and sinking below, clothed with pine and dark green cedars; but its deep quiet soon became too terrible for her. She did not like to reflect, and scarcely ever passed an evening in her own house.

A French or German lady would be astonished at the liberty conceded to English ladies in the hills. They come thousands of miles alone, or accompanied by a native servant, take a house situated on an isolated plot of level ground, and live there five or six months.

To say the bare truth, we believe that they fully deserve the confidence reposed in them; Englishwomen are the most faithful of wives, but, as we all know, the four-footed ox may stumble. Sad occurrences sometimes take place with women surrounded by all their connections, and while still the object of the care, solicitude, and attention of their husbands; and to think that such things do not now and then happen, where the temptation is so much greater, the opportunity and the means of concealment almost perfect, is a very

strange fancy indeed. In Simla, especially, there is much gaiety and much scandal, which has a great chance to alight upon any lady who openly attracts the attention of the one sex and provokes the envy of the other.

Unpleasant surmises began to be buzzed about respecting the conduct of Mrs. Morris and the admiration a young Engineer officer lavished upon her. The rumours seemed light and uncertain, but did not pass away. The hints began to get broader and broader, and, with the more heedless and malicious, to pass into formal assertions. Some ladies were chary of associating with her, others began to avoid her altogether, and it was only the more thoughtless that met her on terms of friendship.

“Really, what a number of attentions are thrown away upon married ladies,” remarked Mrs. Price (the wife of Major Price, of the Kanna Infantry, and proprietress of two unmarried daughters) at a tea-party of select dowagers. “There is that Lieutenant Beattie continually running after young Mrs. Morris. I wonder he does not take up with her friend Miss M‘Leod.”



“Perhaps Mrs. Morris and she will put their heads together to catch him,” suggested Mrs. Lane, who was good-natured.

“Oh, no ; Miss M‘Leod has got other irons in the fire. Did you hear of the desperate attempt she made to carry off the Assistant-Commissioner ? (Breathless attention.) She ran into his house, one morning, in an easy *negligée*, with a cup of coffee in her hand, crying out—‘ Oh, Mr. Carey, would you just taste this coffee, and see if there is poison in it ? for poor dear mamma has been so ill after drinking it. I am afraid our khidmatgar wanted to poison us. We are really so lonely and unprotected.’

“The Assistant-Commissioner cried out—‘ Do you think I am going to poison myself ?’ He seemed much amused by her simplicity.”

“Oh, yes, very simple indeed,” sneered Mrs. (Colonel) Budd. “The cup was sent to the civil surgeon, to see if there was arsenic in it ; but he was quite out of humour, and sent back a chit, saying, it was nothing but remarkably bad coffee.”

“Who is Mrs. M‘Leod ? ”

“She is the widow of an officer who was killed in the Afghan war, and has come here to get her daughter married. It is a pity she shows it so much.”

“But about Mrs. Morris,” said Mrs. Budd. “Her behaviour is really getting too bad. Did you hear that they are going to make a party into the interior?”

“Who?”

“Mrs. Morris, and, of course, Lieutenant Beattie, Miss M‘Leod, Mrs. Ashton, Lieutenant Colpin, and that rude man Biggs. They are going to take a hill tent with them, in case they should not all get accommodation in the dâk bungalow.”

“I thought Lieutenant Colpin was engaged to Miss Somers,” said Mrs. Price.

“So he is, or was; for he seems to have forgotten it, and is running after Mrs. Morris almost as hard as Beattie. After all, it is a pity she is losing herself so much; she is a beautiful creature, and, I believe, very accomplished.”

“I wonder nobody speaks to her about it,” said the good-natured Mrs. Lane.

“Much good that would do ; I should not like to be the person,” replied Mrs. Budd. “She is as haughty as Lucifer, and knows well enough what she is doing. Can you imagine what she did the other night at the Thibet Club Ball? She was dancing with a tall, fine-looking gentleman, with moustaches, who, she believed, was attached to the Horse Artillery, as indeed he was ; but somebody whispered her that he was the ‘vet,’ and she left him to make his own way in the middle of a quadrille.”

“Oh, poor creature,” said Mrs. Lane, “that was too bad !”

“Well, I don’t know,” said Mrs. Budd ; “a lady must keep up her dignity.”

“I remember,” rejoined Mrs. Lane, “I once heard a story of a young Artillery officer, of a bourgeois family, who asked a young lady of nobility to dance with him, at an Imperial ball at Vienna. She refused, with the utmost *hauteur*. The young Emperor, who overheard her, turned to the officer, and, leading him up to a lady present, said, ‘My mother will dance with you.’”

Gay times these were before the deluge ; nothing but courtship, and flirtation, and marrying, and balls, and excursions, and drinking ; war was a mere parade. Hindustan was all conquered, and the army a useful institution enough, since it gave cadetships to their sons, and good matches to their daughters. The Sepoys, who dressed up like monkeys in red coats and pipe clay pouch belts, composed the dusky masses that moved up and down to order over the parade ground. What were they ? Poor, humble, faithful creatures, who were, unfortunately, heathens ; but who would soon sit at the feet of the missionaries, repeating the Creed and Catechism.

He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round.



### CHAPTER III.

MRS. MORRIS AND PARTY SET OFF TO "THE INTERIOR"—  
THEY ARE SUDDENLY RECALLED—THE AUTHOR CON-  
SOLES THE READER WITH A LONG DIGRESSION—THE  
SIMLA PANIC.

MRS. MORRIS and her party set off on their excursion, vowing they would go as far as Chin. Struck by the unique grandeur of the view, they halted at the dâk bungalow there, and Mrs. Morris and Lieutenant Beattie commenced making sketches; and "that rude man Biggs" went away to fish in the Greganga.

Who has been at Téu, and has forgotten it? The mountains here form the rim of a deep, wide gulf, which, on three sides, sinks thousands of feet, by fell and precipice, reminding one of the depressions which astronomers describe as darkening the surface of the moon. The southern side, somewhat less rugged, completes the circumference

of fully ten miles. The hills that enclose the gulf take every variety of shape, borne by the Schistose rocks forming their summits, which send their roots down into the ravines below, every sheltered, sloping hollow dark with the foliage of the cedar, cypress, pine, and rhododendron. The eye searches in vain among the jungles, ravines, and broken little hills, which tear the depths of this enormous chasm, for a valley pleasant with meadows, and cottages, and fields. Here and there, on the slopes looking northward, are a few loosely piled stone huts, with a little spot of wheat or rice ; but the growl of the bear, the chattering of the monkey, the flight of innumerable birds of strange plumage, that rise at the footsteps of the hunter, who stumbles into its uneven recesses, show how little the hand of man is felt in this wilderness.

On the mountain barrier of the southern side there is a hill, from the top of which one sees that he has left behind a lofty peak, whose summit is white with snow. It bears the name of Chandi-Pahar, or the Silver Mountain. Descending upon the shoulder of the hill, towards the chasm, one

comes upon a long ledge of level ground of several acres, wooded with the pine, holm oak, and barberry, and covered with a flora such as the English eye recognises as familiar. Open glades, here and there, invite one to sit down on the virgin turf, and pluck the violet and the thyme, or pick the wild strawberry or yellow bramble of the hills. There is a small pond, where the Paharis drive their cattle for water, when the sinking sun throws down the long shadows of the hills across one another. These beautiful and lonely sunsets on the Himalayas are fixed in my memory in never fading colours. How calm and peaceful did the sun leave the tops of the hills ! no sound save the caw of the crow, the cooing of the wild pigeon, and the voice of the partridge crying, as the natives say, “Sewan teri kudrat” (O God, thy praise) ; one hears, too, the song of many a strange bird ; and, piercing through all, comes the monotonous plaint of the cuckoo ; and, latest and sweetest, the note of the nightingale.\*

\* There are no singing birds in the plains of India ; but many in the hills. Even parrots are brought from the hills ; their voice is considered superior. The best speaker of all is the maina, a kind of starling, which fetches a high price throughout India.

Then the deep shade of night would fall stilly upon the giant hill. No one now dares to move twenty paces, in case he should tumble over some one of the precipices that here abound. At these elevations the stars appear twice or thrice as large as below, and are particularly brilliant in the clear state of the atmosphere which follows a few days' rain.

Weary of gazing at the heavens, and unable to penetrate the gloom of the hill-side, the eye turns to the group of servants sitting round an immense fire of pine wood. What a study for a painter! Come, draw the Hindu visage of the bearer telling some venerable story of the Emperor Akbar and Birbal. His wife, who is very good-looking, and of a gay disposition, which has induced the bearer to drag her after him, is sitting by his elbow. Paint her two or three shades lighter than her spouse. Draw the long, solemn profile and grey beard of the khidmatgar, and the rough, shaggy, full face and bright black eyes of the bhistie, whittling at an enormous cudgel he has cut in the jungle. At a decent distance sits, in grave state,



the Brahmin cooly, who carries the tent poles, attired in a langoti and Brahminical thread, with his blanket hanging loosely over his shoulders. On the other side is the black, shining, smiling face and tidy guise of the dhobi, and the rough-looking syce, with his dirty, tattered pugarie and red jacket, the spoil of some Sepoy killed in the wars. As for the grass-cutters, they have all run away. The light falls on one direction, upon the side of the hill tent, securely lashed to the pine trees, and on the other are seen the heads of the horses stretched wistfully towards the blaze. Observe, they are tied by the heels, *sicut mos est in Indis*. Horse furniture, panniers, and bridles are collected upon a cloth beside a pile of grass that a hill-man has brought in. Bravely done, good painter! Now this is a study from real life; so don't compare it, please, with M'Crayon's "Highland Still," or Broad's "Poachers' Den." Every one knows that M'Crayon pays duty for the large amount of spirituous liquors he consumes, and that he never saw a secret still in his life; also that Broad got the originals of all the

game in his piece out of a poultry shop. He would as soon think of cutting his hair as of venturing into a poachers' den, if they have dens at all. He is a quiet, good creature, Broad, in spite of his shaggy outside.

Near the pond we mentioned is situated the dâk bungalow; and upon a ridge of hill, about a mile from it, there is a solitary bungalow, a mission school, where for ten years a missionary had taught a dozen little mountaineers to read, without making a Christian of one of them. The traveller who visits Téu, which is little more than twenty miles from Simla, may, with a few trusty companions, venture into the jungle, in hunt of the bear; but keep warily together, and stand stoutly by one another. Do not imagine, gentlemen, that this is the same as shooting tigers from the back of an elephant. Among his own crags and forests, the bear is a formidable enemy. Cautious, astute, revengeful, tough, and persevering, if he catches hold of one of you, he will, keeping at his prisoner, hug and maul him till he is shot dead. How would you like to have your

scalp torn off, or your jugular vein scratched open, or one of your cheeks scraped away? A soldier may pride himself on a sabre scar across the face; but remember

The chase has no glory,  
Its hero no star.

You will get no blood-money for your wounds, nor be mentioned in the *Gazette*, nor be made brevet-major; so if you are not scared, take your rifle, and good luck to you.

We saw a terrible proof of Bruin's prowess. Some gentlemen, guided by a hill-hunter, had come upon a bear in this very valley. The man fired, and hit him. The bear sprang at the hunter, and threw him down. He was roaring out for assistance, when the brute seized him by the open mouth, and pulled till the upper jaw came away. The party did their best to release him; but the bear would not let the man go till he fell dead by a dozen bullets. Singular to say, the man recovered. His nose and half his cheeks were wanting, and he had not a single tooth in the roof of his mouth, which formed one cavity with the nostril.

He kept his face wrapped up with cotton cloth, and his voice was very much impaired ; but otherwise he was strong and healthy, though he lived entirely upon milk and rice. The very day after we saw him, he shot a bear cub and carried its skin away to Simla for sale. Its dam prowled about seeking it everywhere. I heard her cry again and again at a short distance. The sound was exactly like that of a cat robbed of her kittens, only much more powerful.

The traveller who has gone thus far must not turn back here. At Matiana, the next stage, there is as sullen and *triste* a valley as one could find in Breadalbane, or among the “misty hills of Skye,” and on a much larger scale. It opens with a wintry exposure to the north, deeply locked in on every other side by mountains ; the view fades away among the gloomy hills. The northern flank of these mountains is always less precipitous than the southern. Follow the road that leads along that dark shaded crag. Don’t be afraid of the stories the servants will tell you of the wildness of the country you are going into ; that to-morrow there will be



no corn for the horses, and the next day nothing but "battu" to eat; and the next again every one must die of hunger, save people accustomed, like the Paharis, to live without food. You will always get food and forage at double prices. The hill-men are not fond of selling anything; indeed, they have little corn, and live principally upon milk. Any spare rupees they accumulate come by feeding sheep for the Simla market. You are out of British territory. The hills hereabout are lorded over by their chiefs, with their thirty or forty matchlock-men, who prowl about, counting the very heads of corn which the poor Pahari plants and irrigates. They are ready to seize half the produce when it is reaped. The road leads by the side of a mountain, wooded by trees of gigantic growth. The opposite hills are grand and gloomy; and the little hamlets are fewer, and occupy positions still more awfully isolated. How lonely they must be in the winter, when the snow falls over the giddy clambering path that ascends to the narrow homestead, and covers the low hut with drift, and the goats stop giving milk, and the poor hill-man

has nothing to trust to but his scanty hoard of grain and his pile of firewood! Much relieved does he feel when the snows melt without washing away half his little fields.

The road is better to-day; the hills are indeed higher, and the precipices, when one comes to them, are deeper; but they do not occur so frequently, and the mountain slopes are less abrupt. We are in a temperate climate now; the sun, however, is hot. The snakes come out to bask in the sunbeams on the rocks, and the monkeys are running up the hills in search of nuts. There are plenty of sheltered glens for them below, where they can sit and sleep all night on the trees. The march is long, the air is close and sultry; suddenly you mount the shoulder of the hill, and the wind blows cool and refreshing on your cheek. Straight across through the pure flights of air are the Barafan, the snowy mountains, a long and lofty white barrier, with rounded peaks here and there—pure, crystalline, inexpressibly brilliant at some points, and shaded to a pale cloudy tint at others; not a sugar-loaved mountain, white down to an even line in the

middle, as represented in engravings. The snow line, which begins about twelve thousand feet above the sea, dips down amongst the sheltered furrows, and winds high above the bare exposed ribs of the mountains. The sun rises across the snowy range, and, at evening, its rays linger longest on their dazzling summits. Nature omits nothing to enhance the beauty of this her sublimest prospect.

We have again and again caught glimpses of these glorious peaks in our wanderings. You can see them hundreds of miles off, from the plains, like the profile of rows of clouds; but with forms more defined, with sharper ridges and depressions, and refracting the light more strongly.

The air is keen upon the top of Narkanda, and there is hoar frost on the ground, in the morning, up to the beginning of June; and you will find snow in some torrent bed of that deeply-wooded hill opposite. Notwithstanding, the hill-men round about manage to raise two crops in the year; and it is warm enough, one march below, in the old Gurkha cantonment of Kotgur, now the seat of

the Himalaya mission.\* You will find the heat very trying, if you descend into the valley of the Sutlej, which winds its way round the foot of those hills into the plains of the Punjaub. The Paharis speak a dialect understood with some difficulty by those acquainted with Punjaubi. The shepherds feed their flocks up to the very snow; but they know nothing of the people on the other side of the hills. I have spoken with two or three Ladakis who have crossed, a journey of a week amongst the snows. The Government is going to complete the road to Ladak. The only traffic that passes along it is in the delicate woollen shawls and fabrics of Rampur, which are transported on the backs of mules, by this circuitous route to Simla, and finally to India.

But to return to Mrs. Morris and party, whom we left in the dâk bungalow, at Téu. They were all sitting enjoying the view, when a runner, whom a friend had sent from Simla, delivered a letter to Lieutenant Colpin. It was short; but the

\* There are two schools here, established in 1843, and several missionaries, one of whom keeps a tea plantation. They have made twelve converts.



news made him start from his seat. He read it aloud.

*Simla, 13/5/57.*

DEAR COLPIN,

An aide-camp has come in, bringing news that the regiments in Delhi have mutinied and seized the city. All the officers of the 54th are murdered, and many more. Come back to Simla immediately.

The gentlemen ordered their horses on the spot, and could scarcely be prevailed upon to stay till the ladies' japanies were collected. Lieutenant Price had ridden on ahead; at full gallop, along the narrow and giddy mountain paths.

Ere they arrived, the Commander-in-Chief had left for the plains; all the officers on private leave were down the hill.

“So stupid!” said Mrs. Morris. “When will this affair be over?”

“Have you heard anything more of Lieutenant Beattie?”

“Nothing. Is he gone, too?”

“Yes; he left this morning. It is said his brother has been murdered.”

But the residents at Simla soon had the danger

brought home to them. The Gurkha regiment at Jhutog, two-and-a-half miles off, were already discontented about the cartridge grievance; and, on being ordered to march down to the plains, leaving their wives without any guard, began to show a disposition to take advantage of the embarrassment of their rulers. They turned out with ignominy the men who had used the cartridges in the Umballa School of Musketry; and, for several hours, they remained in a state of uproar in their lines, talking against the Commander-in-Chief, and swearing that they would march upon Simla and revenge themselves on the Europeans there. They twice were preparing to set out to plunder the place. The persuasions of their officers, helped by the voice of the better-disposed men in the regiment, at last brought them back to their duty. They met, and seized upon the guard of their own regiment who had mutinied at Kussouli, and came to raise their comrades at Jhutog. The Gurkhas had been treated with a foolishly-displayed want of confidence, which they paid back with interest. Guns had been pointed along the road which led from Jhutog; the guard

at the Simla Bank and Treasury had been withdrawn, and some muskets and powder smuggled out of their lines, and taken away to Simla. Officers had ridden into Jhutog with loaded pistols. The Gurkhas wanted to know the meaning of all this, and where the enemy was. They demanded that one of the most loyal of their officers should be dismissed, and a guard of Gurkhas put over the Bank; all of which had to be granted, ere they would promise to march.

In the meantime, the Europeans in Simla were collected, towards evening, at the Bank—a motley group of all classes and ages, officers on sick leave, merchants' clerks, ladies, children, and female servants, swearing, screaming, frightening, and aggravating one another. Mrs. Morris appeared, for the first time, in the character of a heroine, with a rifle in her hand, and an old Hindustani sword by her side. She declared she would remain with the gentlemen and fight to the last gasp. The gentlemen declared no weapon would touch her as long as they remained alive. This was a new species of admiration, and she found it more delicious than

any she had hitherto received. Trays of refreshments were handed round; bottles of champagne were uncorked and tossed off. A common interest, common fears, and common blustering, created a feeling of sociability, new and unheard-of, between civilian and kerannie, Bengali clerk and European shopkeeper, officers with and officers without commissions. Suddenly news came that the Gurkhas were at hand; and two guns, which had been agreed upon as a signal, were heard echoing over the mountain. Then commenced a general flight. Who was the first to run? and who was the last? Who bravely stood? who basely fled? were questions freely discussed in the newspapers for months after. Whole shoals of civilians, officers, ladies and children, *pueri heroes, innuptæque puellæ*, disappeared at an astonishing rate. "Never had those stately pines looked down upon, or those sullen glens and mossy retreats echoed with such a tumult and hubbub." Some ran down the hill-side, and hid in the valleys all night; others took the road to Dugshai and Kussouli, gentlemen on sick leave toiling all day through the hot valleys. The fugi-



tives brought the news of the massacre they had left behind to Sabathoo; and orders were issued to withdraw the guards at that station to Kussouli, where also the Principal of the Lawrence Asylum brought his flock of three hundred and eighty orphans.

Mrs. Morris gave way at last, retreated to her house, got her hill pony saddled, and fled along the Thibet road. She declared that she had been deceived by a gentleman in high civil employ, who swore that he had witnessed the Bank surrender to the Gurkhas. Her account of her adventures made everybody laugh. She came clattering along after Brigadier Philipps about a mile from Simla. The old gentleman roared out, "Who is that?" She answered, "Feringhe-ka dushman hai" (an enemy of the Feringhis); on which he tried to roll out of his jaunpaun. It unfortunately upset: when she sprang off her horse, and made him prisoner, before he got into the humour of the joke, although he declared that he knew who she was all along.

Mrs. Morris returned two days after, with the old General, to Simla, and enjoyed for several days

the reputation she had gained ; but the gaiety of the season was gone. The ladies could now think about nothing and talk about nothing but the safety of their husbands and boys in the plains, and the dreadful doings below. Their hearts beat at the sound of the letter-carrier's footsteps ; they sickened if he passed their dwelling, and trembled when he approached it. Every day there came by letter, messenger, or fugitive from below, tidings which extinguished the hopes of some one for ever. Every one had something to lose, or some one to mourn.

The news of the danger and alarm of their wives and little ones at Simla caused the cruelest anxiety to their husbands, sons, and brothers, marching down to Delhi. What was more dreadful than the thought that those gentle, tender, and defenceless ladies, and innocent and helpless children, were but a few paces from the blackguards and fanatics of a crowded bazaar, known to be whetting their swords to murder them ; surrounded by a wild hill population, and guarded by a few invalids, and by bands drawn from the troops of the hill chieftains, whom

the rumour of a single defeat of our troops below might have turned into their murderers?

Thy voice is heard through rolling drums,  
That beat to battle where he stands,  
Thy face across his fancy comes,  
And gives the battle to his hands.  
A moment while the trumpets blow,  
He sees his brood about thy knee;  
The next like fire he meets the foe,  
And strikes him dead for thine and thee.

TENNYSON.

News was long in coming from Mr. Morris's district, for it lay beyond the revolted provinces; but every one said that his position was a most dangerous one. It would be difficult to define his wife's state of feeling towards him. The reader, however, will easily guess that, although she would have shrunk from wishing his death, even to herself, she did not take such a deep interest in his fate as the closeness of their relation rendered her duty. She began to be dissatisfied with the little consideration she received among the ladies in Simla. Her desire for wealth and finery was now satisfied, though her craving for admiration was greater than ever. One or two disquieting ideas had got into her head; she had attracted notice

and drunk flattery for her beauty and showy accomplishments. But what were those stale and vapid compliments, that fine gentlemen have at the end of their tongues, for fine ladies, coming less from the heart, than an exclamation at the beauty of a butterfly flitting across the road? The graver and more thoughtful spirits, with whom the superiority of her mind naturally led her to sympathise, did not acknowledge her attractions in any way. She remarked, too, that they respected ladies much more deeply, who, she thought, had scarcely any attractions at all. She had noticed eyes glancing at her, and voices addressing her, in a very different tone, when she stood among the defenders of the Bank, claiming a share in their dangers. This was a tribute she would like repeated; but how to obtain it? A thought crossed her mind, which she arrested eagerly, and dwelt upon with delight. Yes; that would do; no one must start it before her. She must be the originator of the scheme. After that, the more that followed in her wake the better. She must set off to Kussouli, where she could commence her campaign.

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## CHAPTER IV.

MRS. MORRIS MEETS WITH ENEMIES IN HER PATH TO  
GLORY, AND MAKES A NEW FRIEND.

KUSSOULI is nearer the plains than any of the hill stations of the Simla group. The mountain is principally composed of mica schist, and is about 6,400 feet high. The station is on the top. On the west shoulder is a level plot, used as a parade ground, on each side of which are the barracks. These then consisted of two roomy and rather handsome looking buildings, with verandahs and balconies of pine wood, which were accidentally consumed by fire the day after Christmas of 1858. On the slope towards the plains are the Sudder Bazaar and the cutchery, and, separated by a deep gully, "the Red Coat Bazaar." These, with the hospital and the two churches, may be said to form the body of the station. The different bungalows

are perched upon every available level spot along the ridge of the hill to the eastward ; the farthest is two miles off. Those situated on the very highest ledges look down upon Hindustan on the one side, and on the other the eye wanders amongst a thousand hills hundreds of miles away, ridge over ridge, till it rests on the Snowy Range.

At Kussouli a road runs along the very top of the mountain, and returns to the parade ground by the northern side of the hill. This is the Mall. There are, of course, no carriages. Gentlemen ride on horseback, and ladies, if they prefer, use jaunpauns or open sedans. The station is very thickly wooded, but, unfortunately, with only one species of pine tree. This gives it rather a gloomy and monotonous appearance.

At that time Kussouli was crowded. Besides its regular inmates, a great many ladies had fled there from the Simla panic, and taken up their quarters in the barracks. Moreover, most of the soldiers' wives and the invalids had been sent there on the first news of the storm. To accommodate all there were only the barracks and about fifty bungalows.

Mrs. Morris had some difficulty in finding accommodation; she at last took up her quarters with her old friend Mrs. Jopp. That lady gave her a fourth part of her house for one half of the rent of the whole. It was to be taken for the season, which, to the residents in Kussouli (who generally arrive at the beginning of the hot weather), means from the 1st of January, retrospectively, to the end of next December, an arrangement by which the proprietors manage to get a year's rent for six months' occupancy. Mrs. Morris was ill at ease with such hard terms, but where else could she go? Two or three families were actually doubled over one another in houses of three chambers and two bath-rooms. She set to work to unfold her scheme at once.

At the beginning of the Crimean campaign a lady had gone at first to perform the humble duty of nurse to the sick and wounded. Owing to the faulty arrangements of the Commissariat, and the deficient numbers and scanty rolls of assistants allowed to the medical staff, both medicine, provisions, and medical attendance and care had been

wanting to the unexpected number of sick that the disasters of the time threw into our military hospitals. Such mismanagement was all the more shameful since our embarrassments were avoided by the army of a rival nation.

At this juncture Florence Nightingale appeared in a new part, to supply, at her own expense, necessaries for the sick, to procure the assistance and aid which our own Commissariat and medical staff had failed to render, and to write her name in the records of a great nation. By the natural force of her character, by the philanthropy of her services, and by the happy results which followed from her example, she had gained a wonderful influence in our camp and hospitals, and a reputation which in a few months spread over the whole world. John Bull thought her an angel of mercy; amateurs wrote odes to her in all newspapers; benevolent ladies flocked out in dozens, to increase her influence and reputation, and to gain some for themselves; and surgeons grumbled that operations had to be delayed till she was at leisure to sanctify them by her presence.



While still in Europe, Miss Winnington had an opportunity of witnessing her greatness at a humble distance, and of assuring herself of the fact that she was a lady of great refinement and accomplishments. She herself might do as much ; there was room in the world for two Miss Nightingales. It was likely there would be as much sickness and as many wounds in the Delhi as in the Crimean campaign ; she had ascertained that. Why not go down to the camp at once ? The idea was too bold ; she must feel her way first and get some encouragement, on which account she had come to Kussouli. Some of the sick and wounded had reached that station. Her first visit was to the hospital. She had never been in an hospital before, and knew nothing about nursing the sick. Indeed, she had been, heretofore, of that refined disposition which turns away from everything “shocking,” and which considers that to faint or turn sick at disease or misery shows greater sensibility than to relieve them ; so she made a number of inquiries, and fell to study the subject, with a view to create an occasion for herself. Unhappily, the doctor in

the station would afford her no assistance. He was a blue-eyed young man, with flaxen hair, rather stout in person, with a great idea of his own importance, and a still greater of the importance of his own profession, which he understood thoroughly in all its details. He had been at the Crimea, and did not like lady nurses interfering with his patients. He told Mrs. Morris at once that the arrangements for taking care of the wounded were perfect, and that the sick had everything they were in need of, save a good climate. Let her not be uneasy on that point. Then, had she any experience in the care of the sick? Had she had any opportunities of attending them in India? Had she ever learned anything of nursing in Europe? He advised her, if she considered *that* her vocation, to try and get into some French hospital, under some *religieuse*; like everything else, it required experience and practice. Extempore nurses were not of any great use.

Mrs. Morris was much abashed, but would not abandon her plan so easily. She wrote to a number of friends in Simla, asking if they would

join her, and received some offers of assistance. In Kussouli she could only gain two recruits, of whom more anon. She paid frequent visits to the hospital, and, as the doctor remained steadfast in his opposition, she began to make annoying criticisms upon the arrangements, and to render the patients discontented.

Though it is difficult to make British soldiers complain of their officers, people are disposed to grumble when they once know that they have an eager listener. She picked up a number of odds and ends of information, out of which she could make something. She determined to write to the superintending surgeon in the camp before Delhi, offering her services, and those of her friends, for the benefit of the sick. I have in my possession a scroll of her letter, which does honour to the dexterity with which she took advantage of the state of affairs.

“No one,” she wrote, “can be better aware of, or more fully appreciate, the admirable arrangements which have already been made for the tendance of the sick in camp by the medical men,

than I am. The regulations are alike creditable to the gentlemen who framed them, and to those who have been entrusted to carry them out. And yet, may I be permitted to remark, that as no scheme in this world is quite perfect, so you have left out one prominent feature in the working of hospitals for the sick—I mean the services of women as nurses.

“From the times of ancient chivalry, when we are told that the highest and noblest ladies of our land thought it no disgrace to nurse the wounded soldiers who had fought in their defence, downwards to the time of the Crimean war and Florence Nightingale, the nursing of the sick seems to have been conceded to woman as her especial privilege.

“I cannot see how you can well leave them out in your scheme; and certainly no soldiers in any land have fought more bravely, and done more for the defence of women, than our gallant little army before Delhi.”

She offered to do her best to remove this defect; to appear in Delhi with a number of European women, soldiers' widows, &c., under



the superintendence of herself and friends. The Assistant-surgeon felt it his duty to write at the same time. "Mrs. Morris, he had the honor to state, though a lady of a very charitable disposition, had never had any practical experience of nursing. While perfectly appreciating the advantage our army in the Crimea derived from the philanthropic exertions of Miss Nightingale, he begged to suggest that the repetition of such an innovation, when there was no necessity for it, as in the present case, would be at once an affront to the medical men in camp, and tend seriously, by the introduction of a number of inexperienced assistants, totally independent of any control whatever, to derange the harmonious working and military discipline which ought to prevail in a military hospital. Nurses among men were often worse than useless. Miss Nightingale, in the Crimea, had been obliged to withdraw her female staff every night, a time when their services were often most needed."

The scroll of Mrs. Morris's letter also contains a plan for organising a body of nurses of different

grades, thus giving employment to a great number of soldiers' widows, who were at that time a burden upon Government. It certainly shows much cleverness for one of her age and experience, though the details now and then provoke a smile. The answer of the Superintending-surgeon came in due time. He thanked her sincerely for the kind and cordial offer of her services ; but was happy to say that the medical arrangements required as yet no extraneous assistance, and, owing to the nature of their position, it would be extremely awkward for any lady to live in camp. This put an end to the whole affair. She had shrewdness enough to see that it was impossible, in the present excited state of affairs, to gain any attention for a project like this. At the same time she felt the disappointment keenly ; and her feelings towards the Assistant-surgeon were not of the most amiable character. What right had he to set himself against the thing so spitefully ? Her motives were pure, *that* her conscience testified. In truth, she had become enthusiastic in her plan. After all, it was good she desired to do ; and any good scheme, whatever

the primary motive, has a tendency to purify the mind. Good actions purify the motives, just as bad actions, for good motives, tend to corrupt the mind. Many of our best actions spring from vanity; but this is a kind of vanity which may in the end lead us to do good with humility. At any rate, to do good with ostentation is better than to do none at all. It would be unjust to suppose that her overtures were made entirely for selfish aims; and some of the ladies who wished to join her evidently acted from an unalloyed desire to do good.

That Dr. Browne, she could not get over it. If it was to throw light upon the arrangements of his own hospital, she could well understand his delicacy. Never was hospital so disgracefully managed. The other day an operation had to be performed at night. The Assistant-surgeon was out at dinner, and could not be found; then the apothecary was out at supper, and could not be found; then the hospital-sergeant was drunk. He is a bad fellow, that hospital-sergeant, and thrashes his wife (he had a bad habit of talking about faymales,

and the trouble they caused in the hospital). I saw him coming down the path by the Catholic church this morning, with a bottle of rum in his sleeve.\* Then the apprentice had to be found to get the key for the instruments, which he had given to the compounder, who had gone to sleep in the bazaar, and could not be laid hold of till two o'clock in the morning; and during the operation one of the servants holding a light set the dresser on fire. Old Colonel Saltoun thought that there was gross mismanagement everywhere in the medical department, and was decidedly of opinion that the affair should be reported. That officer had been bundled, will he nill he, out of camp by a medical committee, who considered (at the urgent suggestion of the General in command) that a change of air was essentially necessary for his recovery, though he protested that there was nothing the matter with him. Mrs. Leigh remarked that she hoped the Government would see the propriety of doing without doctors altogether, or at

\* It is forbidden for a soldier to buy spirituous liquor within cantonments, save out of the canteen.



least employing only homœopathic ones. They had ruined *her* constitution; but since she had taken to homœopathy her health was nearly restored; however, she still required an occasional globule to keep her whole. “Educated people in England,” she observed, “had entirely lost all faith in doctors.” She showed Mrs. Morris a box-full of tiny phials, containing little sugar drops, about the size of sparrow hail. They had the names of different homœopathic medicines labelled on the outside; there was also a little manual of homœopathic domestic medicine, wherein were given directions to treat diseases by the symptoms. Mrs. Morris got the loan of them; and her curiosity having been recently excited, and her criticism stimulated on medical subjects, she fell to studying and experimenting, and with singular success. She cured a lady of inflammation of the eyes, caused by a particle of dust getting in, by giving one globule of *aconitum*, and one of *arnica* six hours after, and removing the grain of dust six hours before. The remaining irritation was subdued by a dose of sulphur, given the following day. She cured a case

of headache of long standing, which had defied the doctor for more than a month, with ignatia ; and succeeded, at the same time, in making the patient drink half his usual quantity of wine, which “ would interfere with the action of the remedy.” She gave the billionth of a grain of “ mercurius ” to the Rev. Mr. Harper, which that gentleman dissolved in six table-spoonfuls of water, drinking one every morning. This afforded him marked relief from a distressing earache of unique character, which had driven him up to the hills during the hot weather. Mrs. Jopp she cured of a disordered stomach with a dose of bryonia of the sixth dilution, which is indicated “ when the person is of an irritable and passionate character ; ” but, unfortunately, boasting of this success, in a manner inconsistent with the gravity of a medical practitioner, it came to the ears of the patient herself, who remained a deadly enemy to homœopathy ever after. Thus emboldened, Mrs. Morris passed to the treatment of graver diseases ; calcarea, coffea, drosera, lachesis, lycopodium produced effects on the health of the station, great in proportion to the smallness of the

dose. The fair practitioner went about her work with an earnestness and pertinacity really amusing, feeling as if she were striking a hard blow upon "the system of indirect cures." The doctor apparently took all this very quietly, and seemed more amused than offended by the foolish rapidity of her thoughts. He had heard of a story of a madman who asked a soldier, "Why he wore a sword?" The soldier replied, "To kill his enemies." "What's the use of that?" rejoined the madman; "they will all die of themselves." "One may occasionally learn wisdom from a madman," observed the doctor. "Homœopathy will die of itself. To attack it before non-medical readers is to give it too much advantage; they always side with the person who scruples not to adapt his arguments to their ignorance. Any one who wishes to judge between the systems must study medicine for four or five years."

Mrs. Morris said it was as easy to decline to reason through weakness as through strength. However, it was impossible to interest the station in any such subjects, in the present condition of affairs. Kussouli, of course, shared in all the alarms preva-

lent throughout the Punjaub. There were continual rumours, often very incorrect ones. It is surprising what fables were written even from "camp before Delhi." Sometimes the little community were in a state of optimism. A letter came from an officer in camp. Things were going on clippingly. The pandies were getting walked into. Our troops would be in in a day or two; or a keranie had got a letter from a friend below. Sir Hugh Wheeler had already reached Aligar; "of course he had had a good deal of fighting, and had annihilated the enemy a good deal." Another time, all was gloom and despondency; an officer, with liver disease or dysentery, came invalided from camp, and diffused his own melancholy everywhere. Our troops were wearing away with continual fighting, exposure, and disease. He feared they would soon be obliged to retreat. He was quite disgusted with the way things were managed in camp; Delhi might have been carried a week ago, if they had listened to, &c. &c. Then a rumour spread through the bazaar that some regiments in the Punjaub had mutinied, and were marching to Delhi, by Kalka,



with the intention of destroying the hill stations on their way. Then the ladies were in a state of chronic anxiety about the fate of their husbands exposed to the daily chances of battle.

News had come from the Calcutta side to Bombay, and up the Indus, that Mr. Morris had been advised to leave his district; but had refused, and it was feared would fall a victim to his determination. The reader knows how little interest his wife took in his fate; but it would be unjust to suppose that she was altogether indifferent. Indeed she reproached her own callousness, and tried to wring some feeling and sympathy out of her mind; but the more she tried to think of Mr. Morris the more she thought of Randolph Methyl. The news came rather late that his regiment had mutinied, with the usual addition that all the officers had been murdered. Her pride no longer forbade her to give way to the full tenderness of her feelings for Randolph, as women do over one they have prized too late. The tears dropped in secret, though she ventured to indulge the warmth of her regret by lamenting him as a friend for whom she felt a warm

admiration and liking. A day or two later came the news that Mr. Morris had been murdered. He had stood to his district to the last, with that determination of character which made him feared by friends and foes. The troops sent to guard it had mutinied and rode away ; but he assembled his police, got the loan of a few levies from a native chief in the neighbourhood, swept through Madhuganj, which was in a state of tumult, arrested a dozen rioters and plunderers, hanged them up on the spot, and held his own district among the collapse of British authority around. But the tide of disaffection was too strong. His chaprassies deserted him, and a mob surrounded his house. He retreated to the roof, where he defended himself till the house was set on fire, when he leaped down, and tried to make his escape. He was killed by one of his own chaprassies, and his head exposed on a spear to the insults of the bazaar, where every one used to salaam to him when he rode through. His death redeemed many a passage in his life. Mrs. Morris admired his courage ; she felt proud of his devotion, and tried to regret his fate to the full. He

had never written since the mutiny broke out, not a word, not a line, not a farewell; yet he must have known in what danger he was staying. She could reproach herself bitterly for her behaviour to him, think severely of herself; remorse was easy, it demanded no exertion, exacted no sacrifices, and helped to soothe the uneasiness of her conscience. There was no doubt, however, of the bitterness of her regret. Any one could see her misery and dejection. About a week after, she heard that Randolph had escaped. It was only a rumour. Was it true? Was there any one whom she could ask? Everybody gave a sigh, or an indignant groan, over the fate of Major Campbell; but whether an ensign in his regiment had escaped, nobody seemed to know, nobody seemed to care. Mrs. Jopp got a letter, which she kept to herself several days, mentioning that Randolph was in camp, and describing the mutiny of his regiment. Then Mrs. Morris's spirits, in spite of all she could do, began to rise. It was like a chink of sunshine striking on a dusty mirror in some deserted room; every moment it got brighter and brighter. Quick

thoughts floated through her mind; words unwittingly flowed from her lips; she had ever and anon to chide down the smiles that wished to play around her mouth. How difficult it is for grief to weigh down a youthful mind! and how lightly and unconsciously it slips away from it. He was dead. Her marriage seemed like some disagreeable dream—some heavy nightmare from which she had awakened. Where was she? On the top of one of those beautiful hills that form the lower ranges of the highest mountains in our globe, she could look down on the plains of India below; they seemed so calm and peaceful, yet they were full of turmoil and bloodshed, resounding from the mountains to the sea with the roar of artillery, the voice of the trumpet, and the beat of the drum. Everywhere, the strong girding themselves for battle, slaying one another, and trampling down the weak and feeble. Her own future life seemed clear and even as those wide plains, but they looked gloomy under the clouds of the monsoon; she felt that her future path, too, wanted warmth and sunshine. “Will the clouds blow away?” said she, to



herself. "The sun is shining above them as gloriously as ever. They are nothing but thin wreaths of mist that float lightly in the air." Mist, cloud, depression, obscurity, doubt, disbelief, error—the very beginning of our miseries. How easy it would be to walk through life, if we had but a finger-post, once or twice, to save us when we sit down in perplexity, not knowing which way to choose. No wonder men have flown so readily to astrology, or palmistry, or consented to entrust their fate to the flight of birds, or to the throw of dice; anything is less deceitful than the play of human passions, desires, and thoughts. Her circumstances had altered for the better. By her marriage settlement she was entitled to one half of Mr. Morris's property at his death, besides a hundred rupees a month as pin money. Moreover, he had only very distant relations, and she might come in for more. His papers were probably destroyed, but she had her marriage settlement in her own trunk; and she knew that most of his money was in Government paper and the Agra Bank. Then she had an annuity, as his widow, from the Civil Fund. She was

now no longer, as it were, floating on a raft, obliged to come on board the first ship that promised her provision and safety. She could choose her own time, live where she wished, and go where she desired. She had made a great sacrifice, but it was over now, and nothing remained but to reap the benefits of it.

That other, did he think of her? and what did he think? Would they ever meet again? He was alive and on the same continent, that was all her chance. A day or two after a paragraph in the *Lahore Chronicle* struck her eye—

“I omitted to mention in my last that Ensign Methyl was dangerously wounded on the 23rd. He is a very promising young officer, and made a most surprising escape from Zobera, after sending to Pandemonium, with his own hand, the Pandey who murdered his commanding officer, Major Campbell.”

For a time she did not know whether anxiety or joy preponderated; the scales alternately swayed up and down. He was ill, dangerously ill, and might die; but if he lived he would be sent up to the hills, then she would see him once more. The very thought made her agitated.

It is difficult for a lady to think much of any one without speaking of him. Since coming to Kus-souli Mrs. Morris had made a new friend ; this was the daughter of an uncovenanted employé, who had escaped from Gardizipur. The natural son of a gentleman high in the Civil Service, under the paternal auspices, he had been able to pass through the gulf that separates the covenanted from the uncovenanted, and to gain the lowest of one of those situations which a "civilian" regards as his exclusive heritage. But it was not forgotten that he was not "one of us." The civilians and their families tacitly viewed it as a condescension to speak to him on quasi-equal terms, or to take notice of his daughters. "And how are *you*, Holms?" the Commissioner would say, when Mr. Holms came to dinner, in obedience to his superior's magnanimous mandate ; and the extra Assistant-commissioner would think it an act of generous devotion if he asked Holms's daughters to dance with him. Very often, at a crowded ball, they had only one such honour awarded to them, or did not dance at all. The two girls would occasionally shed a few tears

in secret at such treatment, though, in general, they endured it lightly. They were grateful for any notice, and cheerful under neglect. After all, they felt that they had made a great step in the world when they were no longer keranics. They must have remembered well enough the time when they went to the Artillery schoolmistress with the soldiers' girls; indeed, I don't think they tried to forget it, for, though evidently anxious to get into good society, they were not at all arrogant to those they left behind. Mr. Holms's two daughters were born and brought up in India, and the highest education they had ever received was at a boarding school in Darjeeling. The eldest was married to Mr. Grosvenor, a merchant in Meerut, the youngest remained with her father. With her sister, she was the last of a family of seven, for five had been left behind, one by one, in the different churchyards of the stations where they had dwelt during their unsettled and shifting life. Her mother had died about a year before, and her father was at present in employ as Assistant-commissioner in the Umbala district. He had sent his



daughter up to Kussouli for safety. She was a girl of sixteen, but so tall that any one would have thought her, at least, two or three years older. She had brown hair, light blue eyes, an oval face, and a remarkably fair complexion. Nature required a more genial climate to give a deeper red to her cheeks, and fill up her forced and girlish frame. Most people would have called her pretty; and the general effect of her appearance and *accueil* was certainly pleasing, though her manners were by no means perfect, and her education deficient. That all attempts to educate European children in India have, comparatively speaking, been a failure, is certainly not the fault of the instructors who have undertaken the task. We have seen as highly educated men in educational establishments in India as could be got for the office in Europe, but the difficulties they have to contend against are too great. European children, in that country, are generally totally spoiled. This is often begun by their fathers and mothers, whose tenderness is continually excited by the danger of losing them through the deadly climate. However, that is

nothing compared to the influence of the servants, who flatter and cozen them, to ingratiate themselves with their parents. The besetting vices of the Hindustanis, lying and servility, are precisely those which most tend to have a debasing effect on children. The little creatures cling to the native servants; prefer speaking Hindustani, which is easier to learn than English; and often seem to regard their very parents as foreigners. Besides, even the best teachers can do little to educate children who are not stimulated by the example of others, and encouraged by the importance they observe attached to their progress. People in India may note the result of a good education; but they pay very little attention to the details. They rarely talk of books, and show little desire to increase their own stock of information. It will not, then, seem very surprising that Miss Holms should have been deficient in the accomplishments of young ladies of her age. She could read English tolerably, and write a letter without any deadly faults in spelling; she could express herself with force in English, because Nature had given her the faculty

of language; when she was at a loss for a word she could help herself out with Hindustani. Her pronunciation was slightly *chee-chee*, and she occasionally used slang phrases, without regarding them as such. This, however, is a peculiarity of Anglo-Indians, who, after a long residence in India, become rather slipshod in the language they use. She had been taught a little French, but failed to make any impression on that language. She knew that France was in the neighbourhood of Germany, and believed that Austria was the capital of Vienna. Her ideas about Europe were as vague as our own about South America. She had, however, a good practical acquaintance with the geography of India, and knew more about the politics of Central Asia than many a newspaper editor in Great Britain. Charles V. has remarked, that a man who knows four or five languages is four or five times a man; so Miss Catherine Holms might be called twice a woman, since she understood Hindustani as well as any Munshi. Moreover, she had picked up a good deal of Persian, while residing at Lodiana.

To know two languages is certainly a great advantage, even to the most uneducated; perhaps more so to them than to those of higher culture, for it enables them, in their own mind, to avoid confounding symbols with thoughts—a fallacy besetting those who are only masters of one tongue. Every one who has tried it must have perceived how it clears one's conception of any passage—say of Scripture—to read it in two languages, even though neither be the original. And, although she was not so well grounded in school learning, Catherine Holms had a much closer acquaintance with the events of real life than most girls brought up in quiet English homes. Nature had done much for her; she was quick of apprehension, had a great curiosity, and a keen sense of the ludicrous. In disposition she was lively and good-natured, a friend of dancing, parties, and amusements, more from gaiety of temperament than vanity. She was passionately fond of riding, and could have followed the fox-hounds anywhere. It will seem strange that Mrs. Morris should have selected her for a companion. When she first saw her, my lady



Commissioner talked of that vulgar creature, Miss Holms; but, for the sick-nurse scheme, she found in the keranie's daughter a most useful ally: Miss Holms entered into it at once with enthusiasm: seemed to relish the idea of going to Delhi, and promised to get a number of women who would be willing to act under them as sick-nurses. She gave a practical tone to all Mrs. Morris's schemes—as she remarked, she was Mrs. Morris's adjutant. She regarded her superior with the most unaffected admiration, both for her rank and accomplishments; and would take a great deal of petulance from the latter lady, who soon began to find her a necessary companion.

## CHAPTER V.

WHAT BEFELL IN A LITTLE HILL STATION DURING THE  
MUTINY.

RANDOLPH'S first acquaintance in Kussouli was Dr. Browne, who gave him a long and indignant account of the annoyance he had received from the sick-nurse scheme. Randolph took little interest in it, till the doctor casually mentioned the name of the patroness.

“You have got no idea the bother they caused me. She and a girl called Holms, who follows her like a jackal, actually came into the hospital one day and propped a man, who was almost dying from pure weakness, up in the air with pillows, till he got faint. Of course I made a great row about it, and thought I had frightened them; but they were as bad as ever next day. She told the patients not to take iron, as it was bad for the chest; and

put the men up to asking for beer to drink, without paying for it; as she assured them the water was bad, and not fit to be drunk. She wanted me to order away the apothecary's bull-dog because it had killed the dhobin's kitten; and told the women not to let me examine their chests."

"Is she here still?" asked Randolph.

"Yes; but she is not so troublesome; she has lost her husband lately, poor thing; though I dare say she could get another quick enough—a post I, for one, should not care to have, though she is a beautiful creature."

"How did Mr. Morris die?"

"He was murdered at Madhuganj."

The doctor left Randolph in a state of bewilderment. How was it that, wherever he went, he came in contact with that woman? He had heard officers saying that they had been twenty years in India, and had never once met their brothers, though they were in the same presidency. Her husband was dead, too. It was very disagreeable their being in the same station. He would try to avoid meeting her. Let her go and flaunt in the

wealth she had so easily won. He could not bear women who married men for money.

The hospitality of a resident, Captain Stillingfleet, of the Bengal Cavalry, allowed Randolph a room in his bungalow. It overlooked the hospital. The wound soon began to improve, with his general health, though more slowly than he expected; indeed, his own impatience impeded his recovery.

Mrs. Jopp called upon him. "Mrs. Morris," she said, "lived in her house; she had been going on in a queer way with medicine and homœopathy. She herself had promoted a movement for sewing flannels for the troops in camp. Mrs. Morris had given her some, but they were shockingly ill-made." "This was too bad," as Miss Holms remarked, on hearing the calumny in another quarter; "for they had employed the very same tailor who had made Mrs. Jopp's contingent of jackets and drawers, and used besides better flannel."

Randolph did not see Mrs. Morris till nearly a week after, when he was out taking the air in a jaunpaun. She was cantering lightly up a smooth piece of the road. She stopped her pony to speak



to him ; and inquired kindly after his health, and very feelingly about the death of Major Campbell. In spite of her mourning, she looked more beautiful than ever ; her outline was better filled up, her manners easier ; and, when she rode away, Randolph noticed that her seat in the saddle was firmer and more elegant.

As Randolph's health became stronger, he was able to see more of the world. The great majority of the residents at Kussouli were ladies. They were all eager to show their gratitude to any one who had suffered in their defence ; so Randolph felt he could venture into their presence, though his neck was rolled up with bandages. He met Mrs. Morris and Miss Holms at the house of a lady to whom he was paying a visit. Mrs. Morris was unusually affable ; but he appeared to take more pleasure in the good-natured and sincere conversation of her companion. The latter did not lose any time in improving the acquaintance. Two days after Randolph was sitting in his easy-chair, looking out upon the road. The sun was going down, and the children were getting their "airing."

This process is accomplished by depositing the little creatures, under several strata of shawls, upon litters something like open hen-coops. These are borne about by hill coolies, who are instructed to walk slowly. As the children get older, they are built up in a chair saddle, upon the back of a pony, which is led along at a slow walk. Randolph was much amused at a *cortége* which was passing at the time. First came a sickly-looking little boy, with one native holding him upon a pony, and another leading it. Two chaprassies followed, talking to the child in an ingratiating manner.

A beautiful butterfly came fluttering along in front of them.

“Go and catch it, baba,” said one of the chaprassies.

“I’ll tell my mother and father,” cried the child, in Hindustani, “that you wanted me to leave my pony to catch butterflies.”

“I only said so for a joke, baba,” replied the man, visibly alarmed.

Behind them came a ladies’ jaunpaun, in which

was seated the nurserymaid, an old black fat mihterani, conversing familiarly with the japanies, who addressed her as mai, or mother. At the same time appeared Miss Holms upon a tall horse. She rode up to Randolph without any hesitation.

“What were you laughing at?” said she, looking blankly after the procession.

“Oh, I was laughing at the idea of making such a fuss about sending out these children to take the air.”

“Yes, I believe that in England they have not so many servants. But then that won’t be so nice. They are the children of Lieutenant Heavyside.”

“What is the use of sending out children caged up as one sees them here? They ought to be allowed to run about. Why, they might as well be in bed.”

“I don’t know,” answered Miss Holms, doubtfully. “Everybody was quite shocked at Dr. Browne saying that they ought to let their children run about whenever they got up to the hills.”

“And do you not think it would be much better?” said Randolph. “Look how healthy the barrack children are, who run about everywhere on their own legs.”

“Well, but you see their mammas would not like that. Rich natives keep a great many servants for their children, so Europeans would not like theirs to go with less. The Heavysides have lost a little boy in the hills—he died of croup, and they are frightened to lose the rest. Their mamma is always giving them *lal dawai* (red medicine) when they look ill, which keeps them all quite sick. Mrs. Morris told her it was better to give them globules; they are small sweetmeats, with medicine in them. Only the doctors say there is no medicine in them, at least next to none; though I don’t see how the children should improve so much, if there was none. Mrs. Morris used to say that the doctors knew nothing about medicine; but she has given up talking about that of late.”

“I heard of your benevolent scheme of devoting yourself to the sick and wounded in camp. How



delightful it would have been to have had ladies like you attending us ! Why, it would have been a positive luxury to be wounded."

"Oh, I just wanted to get down to Delhi, for the fun of the thing. I suppose the wounded are well enough cared for ? By-the-bye, do you know a Dr. Reid who is with the force ?"

"Yes, I know him very well. Are you also acquainted with him ?"

"Oh, yes ; he and my father and the Wrights escaped together from Gardizipur."

"I never heard a word of this," thought Randolph.

A long confab ensued, of which the doctor was the theme. The conversation was broken at last by Captain Stillingfleet's coming out of the house to meet his horse, which had just been saddled.

"I hope I don't interrupt you, Miss Holms ?" said the Captain, who was a hearty, beery, brandy, rough-and-ready sort of fellow, with more fun and mischief in his disposition than delicacy.

"Oh, not at all. Is Mrs. Stillingfleet in ? I was just going to ask her to come out with me ?"

“She has just gone out, I am sorry to say; but I shall be happy to ride up the road with you, if you can tear yourself from Mr. Methyl. I am going down to Delhi in a few days, and would like to see if I am firm in my saddle, after being so seedy. I hope you will try me a run to the Monkey Point. That bay of yours is prodigiously like an old racer.”

“Well, so it is,” said the young lady, looking a little offended. “But I have something else to do than running races.”

“I suppose you are coming up the hill, however?”

“Yes.”

So they set off together, and, after a few paces, Randolph observed them commence to gallop.

“That’s Holm Sahib’s miss, sahib,” observed Manurat, squatting down on the ground, beside his master’s chair. “She is a very good miss.”

“Yes, very good,” said Randolph, who allowed great freedoms to his faithful attendant.

“She is much better than Morris Sahib’s mem.”

“Why do you say that?” asked Randolph, looking at the man.

“Oh, *she* is not good at all. She is very tyrannical to her servants.”

“How do *you* know?” said Randolph, his curiosity rising in spite of himself.

“The other day I sat above her house, speaking to Captain Cheek Sahib’s bearer, and the mehtir came and told her that he had lost four pigeons. She said that no doubt he had stolen them, and she would take four rupees from his wages. Your honour knows that pigeons are got for two annas each. The mehtir said that he could not live in that way, and demanded his leave. She turned him away, and his wife too, who did the work of an ayah, under that little Mussulmani. She won’t dismiss *her*.”

“Why not?” asked Randolph.

“That was what the mihterani said. What do I know? The Mussulmani was with her at Simla.”

Randolph felt very indignant at this; but what was the use of showing it? The bearer, it was

evident, only repeated expressions he had heard dropping from the dismissed servants.

“The mem sahib is very beautiful,” said Manurat, with true Hindustani tact. “But what does she know, the wretch? The word of a woman is worth two pice.” This was a favourite calculation of the bearer, which he introduced whenever he got a chance. “The mem sahib’s husband is now dead.”

Randolph gave no answer.

The bearer reflected a little—“Beautiful women, sahib, give a great deal of trouble, and are very haughty.”

In the meantime, Captain Stillingfleet and Miss Holms were speeding at full gallop over the parade ground and up the hill. They passed Mrs. Morris at the road which joins beside the powder magazine. Her pony’s mettle was touched by the sight of the two horses running against one another, and it ran away, carrying its mistress after them, screaming and crying out: “Catherine, stop. Really, Miss Holms! Captain Stillingfleet, I should (a scream) be much obliged if you would—ah! oh!”



in a mixture of terror, entreaty, expostulation, and indignation, very amusing to a heartless looker-on ; for she was a timid horsewoman. At last Miss Holms reined in her horse ; for there was little chance of Captain Stillingfleet trying to mend the matter by stopping his.

“How very improper in you, Miss Holms,” said she, “running races with gentlemen, and frightening people’s horses in a public road.”

“My horse took fright,” said Miss Holms, apologetically.

“Yes, and I rode after in order to catch it,” cried the Captain, with a broad grin ; “and would have done so, if it had not turned the corners so neatly. You see, Mrs. Morris, she was talking and laughing for half an hour with Mr. Methyl, and naturally felt a little jolly, and ready for a canter.”

“Oh, indeed,” said Mrs. Morris, in an aigre tone. “I suppose you are going to finish your horse-play. So, good evening,” turning her pony the other way.

“No, I am going with you,” said Miss Holms,

in a penitent tone, riding after her, and making a comical face, which, however, no one noticed.

Randolph was writing to Dr. Reid, being eager to hear the news in camp. He could not help putting in his letter: "I heard a complete account of your escape from Gardizipur, from the lady who was the partner of your flight, and whose society must have, in some sort, comforted you under your trials. She was speaking of you very kindly. She and another lady wished to go down to Delhi to attend the wounded."

Here he chewed his pen thoughtfully. Some days after, he got a letter from Reid, lamenting that the unlucky lot had fallen upon him to go up with the wounded to Uniballa. He was, however, to be allowed to return immediately to camp, after delivering his charge into the field hospital there. Meeting Miss Holms that day, Randolph told her the news, and thought no more of it.

Our hero went out every day in a jaunpaun, which Mrs. Jopp sent for his use. He discovered afterwards, by accident, that it was Mrs. Morris's which had been sent, because it was the largest, and allowed of a person's reclining.

He saw Mrs. Morris at Mrs. Jopp's two days after, and inquired for Miss Holms. She said, stiffly, that she did not know anything about her; she had gone down to Umballa the day before. The three had a long conversation together; and when Randolph took leave, a great deal of good feeling seemed re-established. Randolph was not vain; but it seemed as if Mrs. Morris wished to lead his mind back to old thoughts and memories. Was it to arouse old feelings? "Ah, my lady coquette," thought he, with bitter pride, "you want to catch your fish twice over. Do you think that the hook is still sticking to my palate, or that there is an end of catgut still trailing after me, which you can lay hold of? That wound is now healed. I hope the gunshot one will do as well, and then, I guess, I'll be in time to go in with the rest."

In reality our friend's wound was improving rapidly; its healing had been much retarded by the impossibility of keeping the parts at rest; and the doctor said he could not take him off the sick list, till it had fairly closed for some time. They were in the middle of the rains, which are particu-

larly severe in the hills. The weather was often gloomy and depressive. From the top of the ridge one could see masses of cloud (*cumulo-strati*) rolling along in the air, they would strike against the side of the hill, ascend to the top, then float away towards the next peak. Sometimes, again, they would lie upon the hill for hours, enveloping the whole station in mist. The jackals would come out to prowl about, thinking the grey of evening had arrived.

In the meantime, Miss Holms again appeared in Kussouli; and some ill-natured rumours followed her. Mrs. Morris openly declared she was sure Miss Holms had been running after that Dr. Reid, whom she talked so much about. She regretted Miss H. had not had longer opportunities of learning the rules of propriety.

“The less one has to do with *that* class of people the better,” observed Mrs. Jopp, who used to snub Miss Holms mercilessly.

“But it may be a mistake; we do not know all the circumstances,” said Randolph, good-naturedly. “Perhaps, in some cases, the rules of feminine



reserve are too arbitrary. It must be often very painful for women of an impatient turn of mind to see men for whom they have a partiality passing them by, when the slightest hint might have changed everything."

"Ladies ought never to have incorrect partialities," replied Mrs. Jopp.

Mrs. Morris was silent for a little ; and then the conversation went on.

In case the reader should be curious about the truth of these surmises, we shall give a complete history of what had been going on in Umballa.

From his birth upwards, James Reid had been remarkable for great bashfulness of character, which was probably augmented by his being a weakly and delicate child, unable to join the other children in their sports. However, as he became stronger this peculiarity of disposition, in a great measure, passed away. He mixed with boys of his own age, and spoke with those of his own sex, without any hesitation ; but to women, and especially to girls, he maintained a rigid shyness, which was hardly overcome by those with

whom he had the most familiar intercourse. He was never seen playing with girls; he was attentive to his lessons; his abilities were good and solid, and commanded the admiration of all those in his own village. He was sent to school in Edinburgh, and there passed on to college. After studying for the Church during two years, he took a distaste for his intended profession, and though his friends—who, judging from the gravity of his character, expected him to turn out a good minister—were at first averse, he was ultimately allowed to follow out what afterwards appeared to be the natural bent of his mind. He had but little predilection for *belles lettres* or abstract speculation, was fond of natural history and experimental philosophy, and was distinguished for his practical good sense. Of his success in the study of medicine we have already had some proofs. After he had fairly got over all dread of wearing the gown, his disposition seemed to become more mellow; but there was always such a stiffness about his manners and address to women, that it often exposed him to practical jokes. He felt the ridiculousness of this more than any

one else, and would now and again make an attempt to overcome his own bashfulness ; but this always attracted such evident attention, that it ended in his drawing back again. There was only one remedy for so inveterate a disease—that he should fall in love, a passion which has such a virtue in drawing out and bringing to perfection a young man's ornamental deportment, that my Lord Chesterfield recommended a *liaison* to his son as necessary to give the finish to the manners, even of one trained by so great a master in the graces as himself. Dr. Reid had been allured to India by the idea that his talents in, and mastery of, his profession would attract notice, and would be rewarded by his employers. A few months' stay in the country showed him his mistake; for talents and achievements as a physician or a surgeon, there was no reward in the Company's army. Indeed, there were no means of testing them ; skill was assumed to follow experience, and could, consequently, be measured by the years of a man's service. The oldest man in service was at the head of the medical board. There was no

medical community, and no public to apply a finer test. If Laennec or Abercrombie had come out as an assistant-surgeon, he would have just taken his steps like the rest, and have gotten his medical tastes and studies well rubbed out by detachment duty, monthly returns, indents, and other drudgery. The only chance a medical man had was leaving his profession for some other employment; the post-office, political negotiation, Oriental literature, opium inspectorship—anything was better paid and more honoured than medicine or surgery. Nor, in spite of the new warrant granted by the Tory Ministry, is their position any better to-day.

Dr. Reid was very much discontented, and made up his mind to resign and return home. To be a great physician was his ambition in life, and no compensation would have induced him to give it up. Moreover, the death of a relative had lately put him in possession of a few hundreds, which made him more independent. But to come back to this awkward reserve of disposition of his. The doctor had determined, on arriving in India, “to



turn over a new leaf," and acquire new habits. He found this resolution not so easy to accomplish. In Calcutta he was completely out of female society. Gardizipur, where he was sent soon after Randolph left with Major Campbell, was a small civil station, which possessed two ladies, one piano, and very good pig shooting. Dr. Reid devoted himself more to the last-mentioned amusement.

"Look out for old Holms; if he does not try to hook you for his daughter," said Lieutenant Morley, in command of the detachment of Native Cavalry at Gardizipur, "and if he don't succeed, it is not for want of practice."

In fact, Morley had not over-estimated Mr. Holms' desire to connect his family by marriage with one of "the services." While his daughter Amelia was still unmarried, his assiduity ought to be a standing example to parents through all ages. He would invite the officers to his bungalow, play at skittles with them, drink brandy-and-water with them, swear with them, and play at cards with them; he did all this with a cheerful perseverance, which deserved its reward. He called on them

all ; swallowed a tumbler of grog with each ; and advised them severally that the best thing they could do was to take a good wife. Then, Amelia was always ready to give them cake and coffee in the verandah, to show them the garden, or flirt or simper to them in any part of the premises they might affect. She was also willing to go out riding, and travelled incredible distances to cantonment balls.

Catherine was rather young, and her sister had often to check her for romping with the young gentlemen in an unseemly manner. She was forbidden to shoot at the jackals with papa's rifle, "a most unladylike thing to do."

Fortune, however, refused to smile. The only daughter of Holms who was married at all was led away by a "bunneah." Yet Catherine's father was ready to commence the severe course of endeavours which he thought necessary for procuring a suitable husband to his remaining daughter, though, from the loss of her mother's co-operation, his chance of success was seriously affected. Holms was clear against any more compromises,

such as marrying tradespeople. Civilians he considered the very porcelain of the earth's clay ; military men nearly as good ; and all the rest mere common crockery.

Reid was quite frightened at the character the Holmeses got, and kept away, from a natural dread of ridicule. A short while after, the news of the mutinies of Meerut and Delhi came to Gardizipur. It was a small station, not very far off from Delhi, held only by a few native troops. The magistrate, however, would not leave, and the officers, as usual, maintained that *their* men would not mutiny.

A fortnight went by without any storm ; but one morning Miss Holms told her father that the Sepoys would certainly mutiny on that day, and implored him not to go to the cutchery. It turned out that her ayah, who had a brother in the regiment, had given her this information. With great difficulty she persuaded her father to stay and make preparations for escape. They sent notes to the different residents, all of which could not have reached their destination. The Sepoys actually rose, and murdered some of their officers and the Commissioner

in the cutchery. Mr. and Miss Holms, Dr. Reid, and two others escaped together. It was no easy matter in the first place to elude the sowars, and after that to make their way past the Gujer villagers, who took their horses from them, and followed them with taunts and insults, which often seemed likely to end in personal violence. Reid attached himself to Catherine Holms, and had many opportunities of observing the natural strength of her character, the sweetness and elasticity of her temper, and the unselfishness of her disposition, asserting itself against the conventional drawbacks of her training. His manly indignation and sympathy were roused to the highest pitch at the insults which the brutal villagers seemed to select her to bear. After five days of great fatigue, hardships, and dangers, they managed to reach Karnal. A mutual love had sprung up between them; but though a silent consciousness that such was the case existed in each of their breasts, the invincible shyness of Reid's temperament had kept him aloof from any declaration.

Dr. Reid had been ordered, at half an hour's



notice, to join the force marching down to Delhi, and had failed to see her before he left. The chance of meeting him again seemed distant, and had it been left entirely to the gentleman, might never have been realised. Miss Holms did not lose an opportunity. She arrived in Umballa before the wounded, of which Dr. Reid was in charge, greatly to the surprise of her father, whom she did not choose to make aware of her views, partly through bashfulness, and partly because she feared his own over-readiness to assist her. Dr. Reid soon made his appearance, and, of course, called upon Mr. Holms. He was going to return to Delhi in two days. He greeted Miss Holms with mingled embarrassment and cordiality. "What a queer creature he is!" thought she. He dined with Mr. Holms, and the first day passed agreeably away. The second he seemed absorbed in thought—made mistakes, spilt the salt, and addressed Mr. Holms as "madam."

"You are going to leave us to-morrow?" said Miss Catherine, when they were alone for a moment.

"Yes; I set out to-morrow."

“ Shall we see you again ? ”

“ Yes, I think so. Oh, yes ! ”

“ Are you sure nothing will come in the way ?  
You go with some troops, don't you ? ”

“ No ; I must try and arrange ” (becoming thoughtful).

“ You remember how you ran away from us at Karnal. We should never have seen you again, but for this accident.”

Thoughtfulness passing into anxiety—“ Yes ; but I shall make a point of calling ere I march.”

“ Then if I am not in, you will, I hope, see papa.”

Dr. Reid, rising up, looking very much embarrassed, and turning red—“ That is not what I wanted.”

“ Oh ! you did not want to see papa ? ” No answer. “ What a modest creature he is ! Really, I must help him out ”—rising also, and looking him in the face with her soft, blue eyes.

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“ Did you ever hear of such an impudent thing ? ”  
Madelon and Cathos will cry out ; and we advise

all young ladies who are in the least tempted to follow the example of Miss Holms, to consider the extreme peculiarity of her position—a silent *mutual* attachment; an excessively bashful lover; limited time and occasion for meeting, and a strong probability of never seeing him again. Whether mademoiselle acted properly I shall not decide; but it is not likely a similar train of circumstances will ever recur. As a general rule, to run after a gentleman is the surest way of losing him altogether; and gentlemen with the modesty of Dr. Reid are rare amongst the young men of the present day.

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## CHAPTER VI.

RANDOLPH IS TAKEN OFF THE SICK LIST—HE LEAVES  
KUSSOULI—THE STORY OF JOHN LIVINGSTONE—A  
GLIMPSE INTO THE EARLY HISTORY OF MRS. MORRIS.

RANDOLPH, taking advantage of one of those delightful intervals of clear weather which occur during the rains, made an excursion to Sabathoo. Everything was fresh and green as a warm sun and abundant moisture could make it. The story of the Rajputin naturally recurred to his mind. He was astonished at the fidelity of the descriptions and allusions in his friend's narration; and the whole story came back so forcibly and vividly to his memory, that he determined to write it out, thinking that he was breaking no confidence, since the narrator of it was dead. He showed it to Mrs. Morris, who was very much pleased with it, and suggested a great many delicate improvements in



style. Randolph could not help pondering over a peculiarity of this young lady, that, although she professed to have, and evidently did possess, a great sensibility to the imaginary distresses of characters in fiction, whose misfortunes must be talked of in the most delicate manner, her sympathies with people in real life seemed, out of all proportion, small. She was unfeeling to her inferiors, and an avowed worshipper of success. She seemed always to regard failure as something intrinsically contemptible, without any regard to the causes which had brought it about.

Randolph was of a very different disposition ; his sympathies were of the most enlarged kind. He could not comprehend that state of feeling which lavishes its interest and affections on a small number of people, marked out by some selfish or sentimental classification, and disregards every one else. Misfortune for him had a certain attraction ; and he revered and had a faith for great capacity in others, without waiting for the test of actual experience. One day he remarked, "I am satisfied myself that I have seen and known great men, though

their names will never be written even in the largest 'Biographie Universelle.' "

"People," she said, "are very apt to deceive themselves in that way; their affections often lead them to overrate the abilities of their friends. Napoleon, who was as good a judge of men as any one who ever lived, always asked, when he heard any one praised, 'What has he done?' "

"That was merely," answered Randolph, "when he wished to make an estimate for himself, and refused to take another's estimate. Napoleon certainly did not wait to see what every one had done, or take time to test his abilities by any lengthened course of experiments. On the contrary, he was a most rapid and correct judge of men's capacities; and no one showed more boldness in putting those he employed in new and untried positions. No one could be either a good general or a great statesman if he did not possess such a judgment. A little knowledge of history will lead us to conclude that almost everything which great men have done, had they not appeared, would have actually been performed by others."

“And yet,” said she, “there are some ages entirely without great men, like the miles of jungle one sometimes passes without any trees.”

“But these ages,” replied Randolph, “have their great men, too; men relatively great, though some periods evidently produce more great men and greater men than others. We see, for instance, in South America, where a man like Napoleon could make himself master of the whole continent, that great men do not always appear when they are wanted; and often, I suspect, they appear when there is nothing for them to do.”

“Of whom were you thinking, may I ask, when you began to talk of great men?”

“I was thinking,” said Randolph, with some embarrassment, “of my friend, Major Campbell, who, I am sure, possessed military talents of the very highest order.”

“Do you think so?” said she, thoughtfully; “I have heard people talk very highly of him; only they said he wanted ambition sadly.”

“He certainly did not exert himself to rise, and others got the credit of what he did. He was nice

in his notions of honour and dignity ; his ambition was to command his own regiment ; he disliked getting on by any short cut, such as Company's officers take now-a-days. He did not like civil employ, and would not purchase fortune by becoming a jack-of-all trades, like so many military adventurers in India ; he felt himself a soldier, not a ' political ' or a cantonment magistrate, and considered that to remain a soldier was all the more honourable that it was worse paid and less honoured. If there had been more men like him with their regiments, it had been better for us to-day. Soldiers are getting their turn now. People will now call to mind that India was gained by the sword, and must be held by it."

" You are going down to the fighting again," said she. " When will all this be over ? "

" Who can say ? I got a letter from a friend at camp, who thinks we shall still be before Delhi at Christmas."

" And you are eager to go away, and leave us here, forgetting all your former misfortunes ? "

" To say the truth," said Randolph, " I am very

uneasy (brave fellow! he was wearying again to be in camp); but, as I am now recovered, of course I must go to my duty. I do not like the idea of any one fighting for me."

"And we, poor women," said she, "must remain here, unable either to assist you or to share in your danger."

"There is no one," began Randolph; but his attention was caught by the ayah, who entered at this moment.

"What do you want?" said Mrs. Morris, turning towards the woman.

"The Cashmere shopkeeper, whom your highness called, is in attendance."

"Then say that I am not at leisure just now," said she.

Randolph, however, declared that he would not detain her, if she had anything to do; and Mrs. Jopp came in at the same time, anxious to look over the Cashmere wares. Randolph took his leave a short while after; he saw the doctor that night, and asked him if he did not think he was fit for duty.



“I am doubtful,” replied Browne; “but think, on the whole, you are. You had better go down to Umballa, where you will see the staff-surgeon, and get his opinion.”

Randolph was then at liberty; but, like a bird whose cage-door has been thrown open, he seemed to hesitate a few moments ere he availed himself of it.

“Well, what are you musing on?” asked the doctor. “Shall I keep you on the sick list for a month longer?”

“No, no,” cried Randolph; “I shall be down the hill to-morrow.”

There was an abruptness about his departure, which struck him with a kind of remorse. He felt at leaving so much sympathy and kindness. Next morning he went to take a hurried farewell of every one he knew. Mrs. Morris had gone to Sanauer. He saw Miss Holms.

“Mrs. Morris will be very sorry not seeing you,” said she. “Can you not wait a day longer? I assure you she thinks a great deal of you; and was always speaking of you, long before you came here.”

Mrs. Jopp, too, remarked, with a smile, “It

is a pity you did not see Mrs. Morris before you left."

His heart was sad when he turned to go away ; he even bade farewell to the grey old hills, those rude nurses of his sickness. Did she really regret the false step she had taken ? did her heart really turn back to him ? Miss Holms had said as much, and was it the case ? He had often thought with bitterness on this marriage of hers. He was sure she never loved that man ; but that only made the thing worse. Swear before God an oath she could not keep ! What worse do the wretched girls, whom society pursues with its deepest scorn ? *They* sometimes keep in the spirit what they neglect in the letter ; she broke the spirit and kept the letter. Marry a man she could not love ; love a man she did not marry ; which was the worst ?

Then a tender voice whispered, " My dear boy, have a care what you do. Take any human being's actions, wash away all the good, distil and concentrate all the bad, and you will easily make out the best man to be a fiend. Did she regard what she did in the light in which you view it ? or were her

feelings what you portray? Her father and friends stuffed her with selfish advice; society gave its example, which holy clergymen were ever ready to seal with their blessing. What right have you to expect her to hit upon your own view of the case, or to make discoveries in morality which the world never taught? Riches and rank are a great temptation, especially to the person to whom they are offered. How do you know that she never had, or that she recognised that she never had, any partiality for Mr. Morris? If she loves you at last, do not let her be lost. Love is not so common in this earth. Where will you find another such, so graceful, beautiful, and accomplished, and, withal, so clever? Think not of her haughtiness; she will not be haughty to one she loves; and her high spirit will help and sustain you to face the storms of life." Here pride broke in: "You need no such assistance; you are fit to bear up against the wildest storm alone. Whose self-reliance has been more terribly proved? Have a wife who will cling to you for support, who will please you by her softness. Let feebler men take a mate, upon whom

they can lean. Do not write her; trust not your peace of mind again to the vain choice of a woman. How can you rely upon the uncertain impulses of her pride? She has already seen you have slipped free, and wishes to enslave you again. She only means to amuse herself till her weeds are laid by. She will but laugh when she sees you bitten. During the *molliâ tempora fandi* you might have had some chance; do not dream, however, she will be gained by post." Thus he communed with himself as his horse stepped down the hill. In two hours' ride he was again in the tropics. The next morning beheld our hero in Umballa. He found that all the rooms of the dâk bungalow were occupied; but a traveller can always claim shelter, and, if he choose, displace any one who has been twenty-four hours already there. He was considering how he should take advantage of this somewhat delicate privilege, when a man issued from a door, and a loud voice cried—

"Oh, Mr. Methyl can get our room now."

"I am much obliged to you," said the party alluded to, stepping up to the friendly stranger.

There was something queer about his whole appearance. He was a tall young man, dressed in a black and white check shooting jacket, stone coloured waistcoat with large white buttons, trousers of hill flannel, and ammunition boots. But this was nothing. During the meeting, every one indulged in whatever vagaries of garb his convenience or fancy suggested; generals and colonels went about worse dressed than road sergeants; and it was, occasionally, difficult to find any other distinguishing mark of their respective ranks. Our friend had no shirt collar, an appendage that fell very much into disuse in 1857; more's the pity that it ever came into vogue again. He was a handsome fellow, with a long and strong black beard; his face looked rather flushed; there was a slight quaver in his voice, and a rollicking twinkle in his eye. Such symptoms might have led a person to suspect that he had been recently administering to himself some of the many combinations of a fluid, whose chemical equivalent is  $C_4H_5O + H_2O$ , and which "is not rendered turbid by water."



“You must excuse me for having forgotten your name,” said our hero.

“Oh, never mind that; I know you well enough,” replied his new acquaintance. At the same time, a rough-looking man, coming out of the room, whispered something in his companion’s ear.

“Oh, don’t be afraid,” said the latter; “Mr. Methyl is an old acquaintance.”

A dim notion was beginning to kindle to clearness in Randolph’s mind that the man had the features of an old country friend, the son of a wealthy writer and banker in Dunnion. He had heard that the young gentleman had disappeared in some mysterious way from the knowledge of his family.

“John Livingstone!” cried he, “what a strange thing to meet you here. Will you not step in, and let us have a talk together?”

“Perhaps you would not care to talk to me now,” answered Livingstone, with a reckless kind of laugh; “my circumstances are somewhat altered since we last met. However, as you are in the

humour for talking, I may as well give my breath to an old friend." Then, addressing his companion, "Go away, Bob; we are sure to meet again."

The man went away without saying a word.

"You see," said he, addressing Randolph, "I chum with that gentleman. We have apartments in the barracks together."

"Indeed!"

"The fact is, I am a gunner in the Horse Artillery."

This was rather embarrassing information for an English officer. The man was unmistakably elevated, the room smelt vinous, and there were some bottles and tumblers on the table; the whole a breach of cantonment law. Randolph, however, had a great desire to know how Livingstone had got himself into such a position. The latter was in a communicative vein, and soon told his story.

"You know that my father was a writer in Dunnion. The people there, you are prepared to admit, are mere geese, and very fond of squabbling, so the governor had plenty of clients, to whom he always showed much respect. He got the National

Bank, too ; and was good at investing money ; and, as the people had got into a foolish habit of laying by theirs, he made a very good thing of it. My eldest brother was to come in for the business ; I to be a doctor ; and Ned was to get a cadetship. John did not flinch from taking the business, though Ned showed a rooted objection to go to India, preferring the trouble of persuading the old boy to let him into the partnership also ; so to keep up the honour of the family, I was obliged to go myself."

"I thought you studied medicine in Edinburgh," said Randolph.

"So I did ; and got through my first examination by a close shave. I was grinding for the second, when I became acquainted with a ballet dancer in the theatre. She was a pretty, light-hearted, good-natured Irish girl, and we became very fond of one another. The end of it all was that I was plucked. I somehow or other had imagined I would have got through, and took on awfully. I knew that my father would be in an awful rage about it. I had suggested in my letters

that the examiners were very ill to please, and that it was just possible they might put me back, or perhaps that I ought to study another year ; but he would not hear of that. I was spending a deal of money this year, and ought to be doing something for myself. If I worked hard, he said, there was no fear of it. I did not like to write and say that I was *not* working hard. I was ashamed to go back, especially as I had spent almost all the money that was to go for my diploma, and was pretty sure the whole thing would come out. He was rather a stern old man, and close in money matters, though, I must confess, he spared none on our education. My female friend said there was no use bothering myself with doctors' books any more. The manager told her that if she had only 'larning,' she could be a first-rate actress ; she meant, if she could read. I must have plenty of it ; so it was agreed that she would teach me how to act, and I should give a few finishing touches to her education.

“ Neither the one thing nor the other turned out so easy. We went to Glasgow, where I got some employment in the theatre. However, a man does

not learn to be an actor all at once ; I cast out with the manager, and found it mere white slavery. The girl stuck to me, though ; but I discovered that she received the attentions of some fast young merchants. I soon found out that she considered exclusive fidelity as something very unreasonable ; after all, she was right. We quarrelled, and I left her lodgings, and walked along the road to Partick to have time to reflect. I guessed that my father must know where I was, if he had made any search ; and I guessed that he calculated I should soon be back, out at the elbows, and with a penitent face, as nine-tenths of lads would have done. If he thought so, he did not know me. Never would I come back to be pointed out as the prodigal son to the Sabbath-school boys in Dunnion. I went to a tavern to pass the night, where I met with a recruiting sergeant for the Company's Artillery. He told me that, if I could read, and keep steady for six months, I was sure of making my fortune in India ; that I would get employment on the roads, or the customs, or in the engineers' department ; so I enlisted. The ballet dancer came crying after



me, and would have bought me out again ; but I suspected whence the money came. I thought that, if I were to go to the dogs, I might as well do so in India ; and there was always a chance of the sergeant's prophecy turning out true.

“The man had actually told the truth. Any gunner in the Company's Artillery can easily get a very tolerable situation, if he remain steady. But, somehow or other, scarcely any of them do so ; and that is the very reason why the rest get on ; half of the men in our troop have been sergeants by turns, some of them two or three times over. The sergeants are always getting put back, for some offence or other ; and the man who never loses a step is sure of getting plenty. However, it is not so easy to keep straight. A soldier in India has everything done to his hand ; he is treated as a child, save that he has nothing to amuse him. The commissariat feeds him ; the adjutant and the captain of the company look after him, give him his pay, and take him to church ; the syce trims and saddles his horse ; the lascars clean the guns ; and, if he is ill, he is carried to the hospital. We

went out to drill in the mornings and evenings, and remained the whole weary day in the hot barracks, the sun striking down right on the roof; they had nothing for us to do, and would let us do nothing.

“Many of us had enlisted from pure love of an unsettled, exciting life, to find themselves cooped up in close barracks, where one could do nothing except doze and yawn the whole day. One man yawned so much that his jaw slipped out of joint; but that was a *relaxation* one did not like to indulge in too often.

“I have seen the men rise from their beds and run out of doors, through pure excitement. Some of them insulted their officers, merely to get banished to Australia; at last, one of them was shot for doing so. I don't think the men are treated by everybody as soldiers ought to be; only twelve per cent. are allowed to marry, and even the married people have all to sleep in a common room, as if they were so many cattle.\* If one stepped into the garden of an officer's bungalow, he was chased out, as if he

\* The position of European soldiers in India has been much improved since 1857.

were a dog. They know our value now. I was rather unsteady at first ; but made up my mind to get rid of the troop. I was preparing to pass an examination for the engineers' department, when an assault and robbery were committed, for which two **men** of our troop were suspected. They said that I **knew** who they were, and called me to give evidence, which of course I could not do. So they would not allow me to leave the troop, and refused me all promotion. I heard of my father's death soon after, and wrote to my brothers, giving an address. They wrote back that my father had left me nothing, save a hundred pounds, which they sent in two instalments. They are knowing blades, both of them. If it had not been for this bad affair, I could have bought my discharge, and found something to do in the country, or got home to have a squint at the old gentleman's will. As it stood, the one sum of money was spent before the other came. I was wounded in the shoulder at Delhi, and sent back to the Field Hospital here."

"Have you been travelling?" inquired Randolph.

“Oh, no,” answered he; “I suppose you wonder to find me in a dâk bungalow. The fact is, it is an old dodge of the men, to get a bottle of brandy; they come into the dâk bungalow, as if they had been travelling, hire the room for the day, and order what they want.”

They had some more conversation, in the course of which Randolph asked Livingstone if he had seen any other person he knew in India.

“No,” said he; “I have only recognised one beside yourself. I saw you both at Meerut one day, together. She was a young lady, whom I once saw in Germany.”

“Who was that?” cried Randolph, abruptly.

“I don’t remember the name just now. It is a good while since I saw her; there was a queer story told about her.”

“What like was she?” asked Randolph.

“Very good-looking; she had something about her eyes that one could scarcely forget, when she looked at any one for a moment, and dark brown hair. She used to ride on a chestnut horse.”

“It must, then, have been Miss Winnington.”

“ I have seen her at Heidelberg, over and again,” said Livingstone. “ I believe she was married in Meerut.”

“ How long is it since you were in Heidelberg ? ” inquired Randolph.

“ Above three years now. An ugly affair took place about that same girl. She was, it appears, in a boarding-school, where she taught English and music, and learned other things. Some of the English residents at Heidelberg had asked her to tea ; and she got permission to go. It was found out after that she was never there, and had walked about the whole time with a student. He was a young Bavarian nobleman, very clever, but a wild and eccentric character. They heard that she did not appear where she was invited, and the thing made a great deal of talk.”

“ Well, after all,” said Randolph, “ that was nothing very great.”

“ That was not it,” resumed Livingstone ; “ but as it is not the custom on the Continent for young ladies to walk about with gentlemen, the people would not stop speaking about it. One young



man, an American, had said something particularly mischievous, of which the young lady heard. She repeated it to the Bavarian student, and a duel with pistols took place. The American was killed."

"Are you sure that is the case?" said Randolph, shuddering.

"Quite sure; I was in Heidelberg myself at the time. It was about the end of October; I saw the young man's funeral. All the students attended it, bearing torches, which they extinguished in a tub of beer in the churchyard. They said that the young lady had called upon her sweetheart to fight, and there was much bitterness about it; I left soon after, to begin our session at College. Whenever I saw her at Meerut, I knew it was the same."

The two prolonged their talk for some time. At last, Livingstone started up hurriedly and went away. Randolph several times inquired after him, on reaching Delhi, from the men of his troop. He was not known by the name of Livingstone, though every one guessed who he was. The Artillery men described him as a wild, daring, restless fellow. They had a great faith in his cleverness; for

several months he had possessed a good deal of money, and spent it freely. He used to hang up his purse over his cot, and allow any gunner of his troop to take out a rupee, if he wanted it, but not two. Men of broken fortune are not unfrequently to be met with in the British army, particularly in the mounted corps. Livingstone had returned to his troop before Delhi, and shown such gallantry, coolness, and intelligence in action, that, by the exertions of his commanding officer, the ban against him was removed. He was soon after made sergeant. The last piece of news Randolph heard of him was sad enough. It was from a gunner in hospital. "I was with him in the battery," said he. "He was sergint; we were working very hard at the guns, and the sun was mighty hot. I said to him, 'I am joust clane daed bate oup; but suppose I must not say so, sir?'

"'No, you must wait till you are clane daed bate down,' said he. A little after that, we opened the mantlet to fire, when a round shot came in and killed him and the man standing beside him. I was on the other side, or would have been killed

too, meself. I felt so wake, and turned as white as a shate; they had to take me to hospital in a dooly."

The story about the duel had shocked Randolph at first; a little consideration, however, made him hesitate whether it seriously told against the heroine. He did not doubt that a fatal duel had taken place between two young men, about some malicious remark which had passed over a gossiping story; but no one would like to decide on the merits of the case, without knowing more of the circumstances. Everything depended on the way it was told. Livingstone was a reckless fellow, and perhaps had neither taken any trouble to find out the judicial truth, nor had curbed his imagination in telling the story; besides, he was half drunk at the time. I am afraid Randolph did not lay sufficiently to heart the real guilt of duelling. Here we do not accept his estimate; we are deeply convinced that a man who gets killed in a duel has died the death of a blockhead, and that a man who kills another has committed murder. Randolph, like a foolish boy, viewed the question in the light vein in which

it is treated by romance writers ; besides, the affair had taken place between men of two nations whose civilisation appears not advanced enough to enforce on them the folly and guilt of this barbarous manner of deciding personal disputes. He thus arrived at the conclusion, that a young man, taking up the defence of a girl's honour, had unfortunately killed his antagonist, who had refused to make reparation. Nevertheless, he wished he had never heard this ugly story. He called to mind what the Major had once told him, that there was a slur upon Mrs. Morris' character. Did Major Campbell take his information from the same source ? Randolph thought this unlikely. Did the imputation rest upon the same story ? or was there another ? The more our hero considered the matter, the more suspicious fancies and irritated feelings fluttered through his mind ; he felt a repugnance to carry out his intention of writing to Mrs. Morris ; and when he arrived in camp, he gladly suffered it to fade out of his mind, amid the excitement of the struggle.

## CHAPTER VII.

RANDOLPH'S CAMPAIGNING—A QUARREL AT MESS—THE  
“LANDED ARISTOCRACY OF OUDE”—MR. PATERSON ONCE  
MORE—THE LAST OF MISS HOLMS—M. LE GÉNÉRAL DE ]  
REVILLOUT—RANDOLPH AND MRS. MORRIS.

FROM Umballa Randolph returned to Delhi, in time to take part in the assault. After the capture, the regiment to which he belonged had a good deal of work—marching here and there in the district. About this time he was made lieutenant. He was then sent down to Cawnpore; instead of being present at the glorious “Relief of Lucknow,” his regiment composed a part of the garrison of Cawnpore, which was so roughly handled by the Gwalior contingent. He took all the more delighted part in the defeat which brave old Sir Colin inflicted upon them. Then came the long delay and slow



preparation for the siege of Lucknow. Randolph's regiment formed a part of the besieging army. Lucknow fell, as every one knows, quicker than had been anticipated; and the enemy, as at Delhi, got nearly clear off. Randolph's regiment was one of those left in occupation of the captured city. He was joined by Mr. Paterson, who had distinguished himself so much by his courage and capacity in the Punjaub, that he had been sent to Oude, to help in restoring that warlike province to our rule; he had become very martial in his language and demeanour; he spoke as if his nature had been entirely changed, though it was only the result of his mind yielding to the new state of things and new influences under which he was placed. Randolph remembered one night in which his friend dined with him at mess; and indeed he had reason to remember. Colpin, now Brevet Captain, and in command of a troop of horse-artillery, had been also invited. The mess was a large one, composed of the officers of two regiments, who had clubbed together. Among other guests was a Captain Baggalay, in commissariat employ, and one Colonel Briggs, of a

mutinied Sepoy regiment. They were seated opposite one another; and the Colonel fell to making disparaging remarks on the management of the commissariat department, with which he had nothing to do. The Captain answered him, at first, with patience; but the dispute soon became warm. The Colonel talked in a haughty, oratorical tone, and became every moment more personal in his allusions. Every one listened, because they knew a quarrel was approaching—a thing not unfrequent at mess during the hot weather. At last, Captain Baggalay told the other that he considered his remarks impertinent.

“I suppose I have got a right,” cried Briggs, “to give my opinion upon any details in the military department?”

“You have no such thing; you are not an officer in the commissariat.”

“I am Colonel Briggs, and you, I believe, only Captain Baggalay.”

Many of the officers felt disgusted at such excessive arrogance; some, however, were so much weighed down by respect for rank, that they after-

wards expressed their opinion that Colonel Briggs was quite right. No one would have ventured to do such a thing in a Queen's mess, where the officers are more independent of one another. Randolph, who was sitting near, felt disgusted by the insolence, both in the air of the man, and in the speech itself.

"I thought," said he, "that the mess was an assembly of gentlemen on an equal footing."

The Colonel evidently heard him, for he looked more pompous than ever.

"I am Sir Oracle,  
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark,"

whispered Paterson to our hero, who laughed.

It would have been well if Randolph, like the other members of the mess, had left the two disputants to settle their own quarrel, since the president of the mess did not think it necessary to interfere. Indeed, nobody was pleased with his remark; those who took Colonel Briggs' part, of course thought it was exceedingly presumptuous for a first lieutenant to convey an indirect rebuke to a colonel; and those who took the Captain's part, could not

but feel that Methyl's interference was an implied accusation against their own slackness.

“You'd better keep out of Briggs' way, my boy,” said the Adjutant, to Randolph; “he'll take the change out of you, if you are ever under him.”

“I do not suppose he would do anything so mean,” replied Randolph.

“Wouldn't he, though?”

After mess, Paterson and Colpin went to Randolph's dwelling-place, an imposing-looking native house, of which two or three officers had taken possession in the absence of the proprietor. Randolph had furnished his room very nicely, out of the spoil of the city; cane chairs, coloured cotton carpets, Hindu paintings, and Mussulman mirrors gave the apartment, which had all the windows broken, a mingled air of comfort and confusion.

“It is singular,” said Randolph, “that the people do not give in at once. I doubt that these stories about the misgovernment of Oude must have been all rot.”

“Why so?” said Paterson. “The people are fierce against us, because we have quarrelled with

the Sepoys, who are their kith and kin; and the talukdars won't give in, because we took their talukas from them at the annexation, and restored the villages to their ancient proprietors."

"That is what Captain Stanley used to 'bak' **about**," observed Colpin; "he used to say that our rule destroyed the native gentry, and reduced all—give me a light, you dog (addressing the grass-cutter, who came in with a piece of glowing charcoal, for their cigars)—to the rank of mere cultivators of the soil."

"Oh, we have heard enough of that," answered Paterson. "It would be refreshing if, instead of repeating it, some one would explain what he meant. At the Great Mogul's court there was no hereditary aristocracy at all; there were high officials whom we superseded: but that could not be helped. We took the government out of native hands, nothing more; the land is entirely and exclusively in their own hands. A zemindar may add as much as he chooses to his estates; a merchant may invest his fortune in land; they do so



every day. How do we reduce them to mere cultivators of the soil? ”

“ But did you not say,” interposed Colpin, “ that we took their estates from the talukdars? ”

“ I said we took their talukas,” answered Paterson; “ for it was owing to their oppression and rapacity that the misgovernment of Oude became so flagrant. A taluka is but the temporary right to farm the land-tax of a district; the district no more belonged to the talukdar than the horses which pass through a toll belong to the toll-keeper. However, by getting the villagers into their debt, by all sorts of knavery, and sometimes by open violence, they succeeded in making over to themselves a large number of villages.”

“ But why have the village proprietors joined in against our government? ”

“ The villagers have not joined with them, but they with the villagers; for the quarrel was originally between us and our Sepoys, who have connections in every village in Oude. The old talukdars thought they could gain something by siding against us; now they are beginning to side with us, when they

see that won't do.\* One of them has just sent us word that a subahdar who helped in the massacre at Farrakabad is now in a village about fifteen miles off; he does not trust his own people to catch him; but the villagers have submitted and paid the revenue, so I don't think there will be much difficulty."

\* The public, perhaps, does not know how very well they were paid for their "returning loyalty." At the annexation the feeling was in favour of the village proprietors, to protect whom, in fact, the annexation was ostensibly made; and our officials, we are told, "not only excluded them (the talukdars) in favour of village proprietors of really independent origin, but often deprived them of their own hereditary villages." Better days, however, were coming. In order to reward them for fighting against us, nearly the whole arable land in Oude was made over to them, after an inquiry, finished in six months, while the war was going on. Well may Sir Charles Wood write—"Under such circumstances, no really satisfactory inquiry into such intricate matters as disputed landed tenures could have been effected. It appears that while, in 1856, only 13,640 villages out of 23,522 were maintained in the possession of talukdars, no fewer than 25,658 have been absolutely confirmed to them. They have, therefore, only lost 906 villages, many of which, it is apparent from paragraph 13 of the report, had been redeemed from mortgage. Hence it is clear that the talukdars have been almost entirely successful in the assertion of their claims. This being the case, it is questionable whether it would not have been expedient to have paused, and given time to the village proprietors to make known their claims, before rendering these decisions final and irrevocable."—*Oude Blue Book*, p. 43.

“Are you going to have a body of troops with you?”

“Oh! that would alarm the country. I shall just take two dozen of sowars. I shall be back by dinner-time.”

That evening Manurat came running in to tell his master that Paterson Sahib was dead. Randolph started, as one may start when he hears that either of us, reader, is dead. There is nothing new in one of the race of men dying. Yet, to the one who has died, how much! This young man passed away before his time. There was no hand to pluck away the tropical weeds that grew over his grave. People talked feelingly about his loss for a day or two; Randolph lamented him for a week or two, and then the thing was by. Men are *not* heartless. What more can one expect? Across the seas his mother wept and pined, talked only of her son, and tried to keep alive among others the remembrance of the existence that once was. She will show you his school and college prizes, and his articles in magazines and reviews; she will repeat what she has heard of his capacity and courage in 1857.

She that gave him birth will never forget him ; but, with the rest, he died too soon to be remembered.

His death happened thus : he had gone out with his party of horsemen, very early in the morning, and reached the village quietly ; it was a small one, and the villagers made no resistance. Placing some of his men on the outside, to see that nobody escaped, he entered with the rest. The old subahdar had been suffering from lameness, and had come to live with a relation in the village, hoping he might remain concealed, but, when some one told him that they were coming to catch him, he took up a gun and went out. The party were about fifteen paces off ; he fired at the sahib, and the bullet entered the lower part of his chest. Pater-son died in about half an hour. The subahdar was killed by the sowars, and his head brought in.

During the rest of 1858 Randolph served in the north-eastern parts of the kingdom of Oude. I shall not, however, enlarge upon his adventures ; the history of a chouan leader or a guerilla chief presents a number of the most interesting exploits and adventures ; but those of an officer in a regular



army cannot fairly be described apart from the regiment to which he belonged, or, indeed, apart from the *corps d'armée* which the regiment goes to compose. There is a story of a captain who, when some one begged to have the honour of his company to tea, marched up with all the rank and file of his company, to enjoy the proffered hospitality. Nevertheless, it would be hardly excusable in an author to obtrude an irregular regiment of Punjabis, in such a way, upon the reader's attention.

Randolph served with the cordon of troops and military police employed to watch the movements of the large body of rebels, estimated at from eight thousand to twenty-five thousand men, who, with the Begum Hazrat Mehal, had retreated into the Nepaul terai. I believe our friend's services, especially in the Intelligence department, were so valuable as to attract notice; but beyond a little notoriety, a lieutenant of his standing can expect nothing. It was a rule in the Company's army that no one should gain a step in rank for any amount of service till he had attained the rank of Captain by seniority. Randolph thought himself



ill-used ; but really there are so many gallant young officers that it is extremely difficult for one to distinguish himself beyond the rest. He was actually under the orders of Colonel Briggs ; that worthy is now Lieutenant-General and K.C.B, so it will, perhaps, give offence to say anything derogatory.

Our hero, however, does not scruple to do so ; he asserts that he had to endure a great deal of bullying, that he was placed in a most unhealthy station, and his life desperately exposed. Certain it is, that on attacking a mud fort, which he insists was perfectly impregnable to the force brought against it, his party was repulsed, and he himself severely wounded. He lay for some time in Baraitch, where he was visited by ague, which returned again and again, destroying his appetite and reducing his strength. The wound did not heal quickly ; the bullet had struck what the doctors call the *ileum*, along which it had slid, and then come out behind. Randolph was transported to Lucknow, but, as there was no improvement, and as he was unwilling to go to Europe, he got sick leave to the hills. He selected Mussoorie,

for he knew that Dr. Reid was there. The doctor had suffered severely from remittent fever, which he got while campaigning among the jungles of Rohilcund. He reached Mussoorie, his nervous system much shattered, and his strength completely prostrated; indeed, he was almost in the condition of a child. A little change in the nutrition of the nerves, so minute that it is not perceptible through the finest microscope, will make the strongest man hysterical as the weakest woman, and feeble as an infant. An effusion of blood the size of a pea may deprive us of our reason. How little right have men to call their fortitude their own!

Miss Holms, who heard how ill he was, crossed over the hills from Simla to Mussoorie in a dindy—a rude litter, made from a blanket slung upon a pole. She could get nobody to accompany her upon this dangerous journey except a native servant, and everybody cried out against the indecorum of such a proceeding. She reached Mussoorie in safety, and took up her abode with her sister, who was staying there. Dr. Reid delighted to attribute his recovery to her care and attention,

for she had found him very much neglected, he not having such good servants as Randolph had.

Our hero reached Mussoorie while they were still there. Miss Holms had been residing with Mrs. Morris in the hills. Randolph noticed a great improvement in her appearance and manners. She looked healthier ; her cheeks had become rosy, and her figure was not so delicate.

After the fall of Delhi, Mrs. Morris had set out for Europe, by Multan ; she had been turned back by the insurrection at Gugaira.

“It is strange, however, she stays so long in India,” remarked Miss Holms. “I hope you will have an opportunity of meeting her before she leaves, for she will certainly do so this year.”

Randolph gave no answer to this very plain hint.

Dr. Reid and Miss Holms were to be married in Mrs. Morris’s house at Simla, in order to allow of Mr. Holms being present. I myself was at the marriage, which took place in the middle of September, 1858. Old Holms opened the dance with Mrs. Morris. A charming hostess we had, gracious,

lively, and beautiful ; and all the arrangements paid tribute to her taste. I had the honour of a short conversation with her, part of which I shall repeat.

“ It must give you great pleasure to see your friend, Miss Holms, converted into Mrs. Reid.”

“ Ah ! yes ; dear Catherine ; I am so sorry to lose her.”

“ I believe Dr. Reid intends returning to Europe.”

“ Yes, he has got sick leave to go ; and, as he seems peculiarly liable to fever, the doctors have advised him never to come back to India, if he can help it. They will say at home that he went out to India to *seek* a wife.”

“ Ah ! yes ; what will they not say at home ? ”

“ Well, what else would you have them say ? ”  
replied she, smiling.

“ Who am I, that I should direct such experienced tongues ? ”

“ Oh ! don't be too modest ; I always say that the gentlemen are the greatest gossips everywhere. All the tittle-tattle of a station can be traced to the mess-house. I hope that Catherine will not suffer

from your satirical tongue ; for I hear you, too, are going to Europe."

" I never heard anything against Miss Holms—I mean Mrs. Reid ; they said that she was anxious to procure Dr. Reid for her husband ; but ' All's well that ends well.' For my part, I should not think the less of a lady, merely because I saw she thought much of me."

" But, perhaps you are alone in thinking so ; men are too apt to boast, even when they have no occasion."

" No man of honour would do so ; all the less if there were occasion."

" Do you think so ? "

" Certainly."

She reflected a little. " I have laid myself open for a cut," thought I. It did not come ; for she changed the subject.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dr. Reid left India without delay. I afterwards heard that he had got a legacy of two thousand pounds, by the death of a rich relation.

\* \* \* \* \*



The reader perhaps remembers M. le Général de Revillout?

That personage, while travelling through Oude, had been surprised by the tidings of the outbreak. He at once made his way to a mutinied brigade, and frankly offered to take the command. He declared that he was no Englishman, that he hated England, and would like to lead them to plunder the Bank of London. The Sepoy leaders observed that, if he was not an Englishman, he was a Feringhi and an infidel; some thought him a renegade Portuguese clerk. They would have liked prodigiously to have cut off his head; but, as they were doubtful whether he was a lunatic or not, they did not venture so much. Mahomedans, be it remembered, consider a madman a species of saint. They plundered him of all his property, and left him in charge of an Oude chieftain, who, wishing to keep in with both parties, sent him, along with a party of European fugitives, with an escort to Allahabad; and despatched, at the same time, the rest of his men to the general levy of the rebels at Lucknow, for one or other of which services the

Chief was invested with full powers of magistrate by Lord Canning, and presented with ten villages. M. le Général was conveyed to Calcutta at the expense of the English Government.

I should be deeply sorry if any one believed that our descriptions of this foolish man were intended to tell against the French as a people. Few have a higher estimate of the astonishing greatness and capacity of France than the author of this book, and few foreigners rejoice more sincerely in her glory. But, as every one knows, there are both French and English who strive to keep awake the unfortunate antagonism that has so long existed between the two nations, and has done such incalculable injury to both. These people, when they travel, occasionally show a desire to make the impressions they pick up in remote places of account, in poisoning the minds of their countrymen. Their statements are often very incorrect. It is not necessary to give names or instances, though they deserve no mercy. Perhaps a human being cannot conceive anything more guilty and injurious to the world at large, than to study to excite need-

less jealousy and hostility between two peoples who occupy the first rank ever attained by the human race, and who are more obedient to high and noble motives than any other nationalities whatever.

But to return to our hero. His wound did not heal, though his general health was improved by the air of the hills. He did not find society in Mussoorie so cheerful as that at Kussouli. His little individuality was quite lost in the large sanitarium. A wounded officer was now too common an object to excite overmuch interest or sympathy. His kindest friend was Mrs. Colpin, *née* Miss Somers, who was living with a relative at Landour. Randolph began to feel lonely and despondent. He had been much affected by a hearsay statement that his uncle, Mr. Howard Methyl, had died at Altona; and, about four months later, he received a letter from Mrs. Gibson, informing him that his only surviving relative, Miss M'Gowan, was also no more. Ostermarch was left to Mr. M'Gowan, the Chief Justice; Randolph and Master M'Gowan Colquhoun were to get one thousand pounds each.

This was confirmed by a letter from Miss M'Gowan's executors. The news were not very encouraging. Though Randolph's mind was filled by other thoughts, it was difficult to get over the disagreeable impression they produced. If a relation gives one a low place in his will, it goes far to prove that he has held a low place in the testator's estimation. He ventures to show his real opinion from beyond the grave. However, it helped to bring back his thoughts to Scotland; he began to feel the *γλυκὺς ἥμερος πατρίδος*—"the sweet desire of his native country"—and to yield to the suggestions of the surgeons who attended him, that he ought to try the effect of his native air, for the wound was not healing, and he was troubled with severe pains in the foot. He could neither walk nor ride, and had to be carried about in a jaunpaun. The surgeon could not understand why it did not heal up; they thought that there were perhaps some broken pieces of bone would require to come out before the wound could close. His helpless condition now and then caused him the deepest anxiety—the wound might never heal, or he might

be lame for life. If a subaltern in the East India Company's service got disabled in its defence before three years' service, he was treated exactly as if he had been cashiered. He was stripped of his title and rank, and got no pension; even the time he spent on a sick-bed was not allowed to count as service. He was generally granted a year's pay, which, however, was so calculated as to amount only to about one-third of the pay he actually had received during the year. The “Funds” made off with all the money he had put into them. The Hon. Company, however, recommended him for Lord Clive's bounty, from which he obtained forty-five pounds a year—certainly not equal to the money laid out on his education, passage, and outfit, though a few pounds more than what he could have got from the parish. It is a very heavy misfortune to an officer in any rank to be wounded; he is sure to be forgotten in the distribution of rewards, unless he happens to be laid up towards the close of the war.

Our hero was, however, of too sanguine a temperament to let such broodings haunt him over



long. He appeared before the Annual Committee at Mussoorie, and was recommended for leave to Europe. He desired to go by Bombay. This is the shortest way home for an officer in the Punjaub; but the authorities do not like things being done by the shortest way, so they have made a number of regulations, which tend to give serious annoyance and embarrassment to a sick officer—he has about thirty documents to send in before he can take ship from the Apollo Pier.

Oh ! he is fallen  
Into a pit of ink ! that the wide sea  
Hath drops too few to wash him clean again.

Randolph made his way to Multan, to sail down the Indus. On his arrival, he discovered that no steamers could be expected to leave for three weeks (the ships were under Government management); some passengers had already arrived, who were living in the dâk bungalow. Among these were Mrs. Morris and her Mussulmani ayah. That they should meet was inevitable, and that it should be on friendly terms was what Randolph expected; so he was a little put about at the haughty and distant

manner in which she recognised him. The round truth was, that she knew he was going home by this route, and had taken it herself in the hope of meeting him again. This, however, our hero never suspected—a consideration which will do him honour with those who know young men of the present age. Her coldness passed away in a few days; but she removed to live with an officer's wife in the cantonment. He did not see her again till the ship sailed.

The steamboat left at last. The passengers were nine in number, six gentlemen and three ladies. They were a merry company; some, like our hero, were going home on sick leave. But what of that? none of them were dangerously ill, and the air of their own land would make them all right again. Randolph's spirits rose with the rest: nothing to do, save to sleep, eat, drink, talk, or read under the awning, and shoot at the alligators which lay basking in the sun along the low banks of the river. The boat stopped when it was dark, and then they could take a ramble into the country, all except Randolph.

Mrs. Morris got many attentions paid her from the gentlemen, and seemed in great good humour. It was now the beginning of February, and very pleasant weather. The sun became hotter as they descended into Scinde; but it was never oppressively so in the shade. One evening they stopped at a station in the jungle to take in wood. Randolph thought all the passengers had left the ship, and came on deck; he noticed that some one was sitting near him. It was Mrs. Morris.

They began to converse, and talked till their hearts were warm with the sympathy that accordance of tastes and intellect will produce.

“See the moon,” said she, “how beautifully she shines across the broad river.”

“Yes, how calm and cool it is now; yet, in a few hours, all will be faint with the blaze of the sun.”

“Ah, yes!” said she, “nothing remains in this world. The river, which looks so quiet and still, is rushing down to be lost in the sea.”

“And why should it stay? the moon herself is moving across the sky.”

“Not the moon ; but the earth.”

“It matters not ; after all, we cannot remain always under the moonlight, though just now it is so charming.”

“They say that sometimes the moon’s rays strike with greater power, and give their own virtues to things on earth. I wish it were so now.”

“What virtues would you ask of it?”

“The power to charm.”

“A very natural desire. What lady would not?”

Yet these words shot like an arrow through Randolph’s breast. The long pause before she uttered them, the half-seen shudder, the trembling voice, the sudden stop and silence, left no doubt of their meaning.

What a storm they excited ; like some hurricane which descends in one moment, tossing about the trees, throwing open the doors and windows, and filling the dwelling with dust and uproar. He thought his love for her was dead ; the worthiest feelings in his breast bade him turn away from her ; he did not respect her. On the other hand, the idea of this beautiful, graceful, and haughty

woman yielding voluntarily to his love had something so exquisitely ravishing about it that it well-nigh carried him away, but he distrusted her.

“I do not know,” he at last said, “how you would employ the charm you wish: the gift of charming you already possess, as I have found to my cost.”

“Ah! these compliments! they come not from the heart.”

She said this in a sad and plaintive tone that was very touching.

“My dear lady,” said he, “I need not remind you how deeply I once loved you, and how I loved in vain. Time has brought its changes, but I hope they are all for the best. If your heart turns back to me, who am but a poor wounded soldier, I shall ever be sensible of your generosity, only the sacrifice must be complete.”

“What sacrifice?” asked she; “it is no sacrifice.”

“Excuse my distrust, Emily, but I think I require a test that you love me now as I loved you once, for yourself alone.”



“What test do you desire? I *do* love you. What more can I do?”

“Dear lady, you are rich.”

“Yes, and that will make us all the happier.”

“No, it will not. It is this very thing that would make me miserable.”

“Oh, how you talk!”

“I talk seriously. This gold which you have won, I need not say how, it will never make you lovely in my eyes. Cast it away from you.”

“Cast it away! What do you mean?”

“I mean that we must meet, as before, on equal terms. I am poor, you must be so too.”

“Oh! how foolish you are! Is it not better that we should both be rich? What would you have me to do with my money?”

“No! These riches, I shall tell you what to do with them. Have you them here with you? Then let us drop them into the river, and as they sink so my love will rise, and I shall spend my whole life in labouring to repay the sacrifice you have made.”

She gave no answer. He resumed, “Understand me now, Emily, for I am serious. I cannot either

take these riches nor allow them to remain in your possession. You must alienate them, thoroughly and for ever, from yourself before I can venture to grasp the hand which will then become my dearest treasure. What do you say, then, Emily?"

"Oh! think what you are doing, Randolph. Do not act too hurriedly!"

"You are right," replied he; "I would not have you act through a sudden impulse. You might regret it afterwards. Consider carefully what I have said. Till then, farewell." He rose suddenly and went away.

"L'écueil du romanesque c'est le faux (the danger of the romantic is the false)."

Mrs. Morris thought so too. She and Randolph viewed the matter from quite a different standpoint. She would have admired all this very much in a romance, and indeed admired it very much, as far as it went; but to carry it into real life, actually to beggar herself and return home to her father and friends the wife of a poor wounded lieutenant, was too much to expect. She was sure of his disinterestedness, perhaps he said this only to con-

vince her of it. Yes, that would be it! How could he be serious? As if anybody wishes to be poor! Like all men, he takes the air of a great lord when one gives in to him. She had condescended too far; she must make a stand now, and he would soon lower his tone. Was it not enough that she was ready to share with him all her wealth? She had at first purposed to have it settled on herself; and now to throw it into the Indus! She had pictured Randolph a distinguished and noble-looking husband to lead her into the fashionable assemblies, in which she took delight. As for his wound, he would recover; that would only make him more attractive. Her money, properly laid out, would buy him a position and preferment. The picture would not do without gilding. True, she had other and more tender feelings for him; but they were not powerful enough to drive her to adopt a proposition which at once made her pride stoop, outraged her tastes, and offended her sense of prudence. Hers was not a shallow greed of gold founded on calculating sensuality or stupid love of finery; but a well-digested appreciation of

the many pleasures and refinements wealth, in this age, can bring, heightened by a pretty thorough experience of the annoyances attending poverty. She considered her marriage with Mr. Morris as a dearly bought sacrifice, of which she was now reaping the fruits. Randolph simply viewed it as an unholy and mercenary adventure, the spoils of which it would be infamous to share.

They met, of course, next morning, and were very friendly the whole day. How beautiful she was, after all ! even the thistle, they say, is beautiful when in bloom ; the bloom of a plant is its time of love ; and the time of love of a woman is the time of her highest beauty. This young lady only needed a little more sweetness to be perfectly bewitching !

Next evening, full of hope, Randolph approached her ; but he did not find her in the mood he anticipated.

Why, she asked, did he insist on her acting so strangely ? Had she not gone already far enough ? Too far, she feared, to retain his esteem. Why would he persist in humiliating and making her miserable ?

Randolph could not, with delicacy, state his own view, and had by no means the best of the discussion. Mrs. Morris saw he was wavering, and, sooth to say, he was ; so she became firmer than ever. He withdrew deeply grieved and disappointed.

Was it not too bad, after all? She had capitulated and thrown open the gates ; and he would only enter through a breach.

People who have loved deeply have learned much, if they are ready to learn at all.

Nature implants no passion and excites no impulse in vain. "The eye of the young man kindles, his voice becomes tender : two creatures desire one another, not knowing what they desire : they languish to be one, which Nature has denied, and swim in a sea of delusion. Creatures deluded so sweetly, enjoy your time ; but know that Nature thus beguiles you to fulfil not your own little dreams, but her great ends."\* She wishes to assure the existence of the race. To reproduce its like seems, in the lowest genera, almost the sole

\* Herder, "Philosophie der Geschichte," buch ii., cap. 2.



function of the individual. In plants it is little more than a part of nutrition; in invertebrate animals an instinct is added; in the mammalia it is an instinct and a desire; in man, an instinct, desire, and passion; with him reproduction becomes subordinate to the perfectibility of the race and of the individual. Nature teaches us to choose the best and worthiest, that she might have her germs from the freshest moments of life; and at the same time, she fulfils another and a higher end. Love, both directly and indirectly, arouses, cultivates, and gives value to, the highest and finest faculties of our nature. This tumultuous love of something one dreams to be beautiful, and pure, and true, rises, in those who are worthy of it, into a love for what is absolutely beautiful, and pure, and true; a love which, mayhap, will be the sustaining passion of our being after material desires will have ceased to sway us to and fro.

Randolph Methyl had learned much from his first love, which, as they say, "had ended in nothing;" he might love again, though not after the same idolatrous fashion. His old love was too high

for the return she gave. She loved him, no doubt ; but he knew how far her love fell short. He began to feel a new passion for her ; but so different from the one before. He would not yield to it ; he now knew that the sacrifice he asked was too great. But if they ever were to spend their lives together, it must be not only made, but made without repinings. His presence in the ship any longer could only give pain to both. He had the opportunity of leaving her that very night, with one of the passengers, who proposed going to Tatta, where they could catch a van, which crossed the isthmus to Karrachi. Leaving a note, explaining his reasons as delicately as possible, in the hands of Mrs. Morris's ayah, Randolph set out on the back of a camel for Tatta.

Mrs. Morris had gone to bed, and did not get the note till morning, when the ship had already sailed. She put her head out of the cabin window, that they might not hear her ; the low sound of weeping was drowned in the noise of the paddle-wheels ; her tears glittered for a flash in the sun, and fell into the shining river. Poor slave of the

world, it is better as it is! Pass your life with your own kind, and you will have little reason to dream that any one can love honour better than gold or worldly reputation! After all, it is not so great a matter that any one being should be united to any other! Every creature had many of its like, and many will come your way.

If you had given in to the fantastic dreams of that young man, you would most likely have repented bitterly. Yet you are to be pitied; for you have a heart, after all!

\* \* \* \* \*

Randolph's wound had been much irritated by his five miles' drive; the discharge became very profuse. Several days after, while dressing it on board a passenger ship, in which he sailed from Karrachi to Bombay, he noticed a thread hanging from the mouth of the wound. On pulling it away an end of rag appeared, and on tugging it a large piece of lint came out of the wound. Randolph remembered that a few days after being wounded a piece of lint had been stuffed into it, in order to stop the bleeding. It had probably remained there

ever since. The surgeons at Bombay remarked, they had no doubt that it was this which had kept the wound from healing. Randolph was afraid they would now refuse to send him to Europe. However, they considered that his constitution had been too severely tried for him to make a proper recovery in India.

Manurat was the only being he really regretted to leave behind him ; but he had already said farewell. The poor fellow wished to go to Bombay with his master ; but Randolph thought it was not necessary to drag him so far. He gave him some money, with which Manurat said he would set up a little shop. “I will not take service again,” said he. “The sahib log are very hard to their servants now. Nothing but blows and bitter words since that uproar. Many servants are trying to get other work.” This is a very hard saying, if it is correct, for the fidelity of the native servants during the mutiny was, as a general rule, beyond all praise. Many European children were saved by their native nurses, who often risked, and, in some cases,

gave up their lives to preserve their little charges. Let us hope that any irritation that might have existed will pass away. Hindustanis will make the best and most faithful domestic servants in the world, if they are treated in a kind and considerate manner, and perceive that their masters are not indifferent to their feelings and comforts. This is the more wonderful as their European masters are continually shifting about, and seldom remain more than ten years at a time in the country.

Randolph Methyl sailed from India a very different being from what he came. He had learned to measure himself with other men; to act with them, and for them, and against them. All the deepest feelings in his nature had been deeply and intensely roused; and all his faculties thoroughly and severely tried. His figure and demeanour had undergone a corresponding change. Though pale and weak, his frame looked more manly; his beard was fully grown, and gave gravity and dignity to his face. He did not him-



self notice any change in his address ; but it was clear other people did.

\* \* \* \* \*

He landed in Southampton in the beginning of April, 1859.

## CHAPTER VIII.

AN IMPORTANT LETTER TAKES RANDOLPH TO GERMANY—  
BERNCASTEL, ON THE MOSELLE—THE VINTAGE OF 1857  
—THE TRANSPLANTED PALM TREE—OUR FRIENDS IN  
EDINBURGH.

THE next mail after our hero had arrived in London brought him a letter from the Deputy Commissioner of Zobera. He wrote that the servant to whom Randolph had given Major Campbell's papers when he escaped had hid them in a hole in the stable, along with a number of silver articles. The man had made his way to Meerut. When Zobera was occupied by the British he returned to seek for his deposit, and had placed the papers in the hands of the Commissioner. It contained a Government paper worth about seven thousand rupees, some military documents, and the will of Major Campbell. A codicil

in it left Randolph his horses, tents, pistols, and other personal effects ; the rest of his property was to go to his only daughter, Lilia Jane Campbell. Major Campbell, then, had a daughter, but who was she, and where was she now ? This the Commissioner did not know any more than Randolph. There was, however, a letter enclosed, which might clear up the mystery. It was in a long, scrambling, unformed sort of handwriting, and, from the date, must have been received only a few days before the mutiny. The Commissioner, hearing Lieutenant Methyl had left for Europe, had written to request his assistance in discovering and identifying the party.

Major Campbell's daughter, who was she ? Who was her mother ? It must have been the Afghan girl who was said once to have lived in his bungalow. It was singular that our hero never heard before that Major Campbell had had a daughter. However, such revelations sometimes turn up in Anglo-Indian families. And where was she ? What had become of the unfortunate orphan since the death of her father ? The handwriting of the letter

was very much worn by the damp, and the paper pierced by insects. Randolph could make out the date, though not the address. But in the copy of the will the Commissioner had sent, which, with the Government paper, had been wrapped up in a piece of wax-cloth, it was stated that she was then residing with Frau von Greving, at Berncastel, on the Moselle. Where was the Moselle? Randolph at first confounded it with the Meuse, but this was soon cleared up. Writing might involve some mistake or confusion. Besides, he was in a fever of impatience. He determined to go there at once. His route was soon made out; from London to Rotterdam, then up the Rhine to Coblenz. Randolph, however, found the steamboat too slow, and went in the railway as far as Bonn, whence he determined to sail to Coblenz.

Fancy our hero, a little lame, and leaning on a large stick, enjoying the scenery of the Sieben Gebirge. The season is too early for tourists, but there are five Germans talking together on deck. That one to the right is Geheimrath Krug. Geheimrath translated means "privy-councillor."

There are above a dozen of them in every country town, so the King of Prussia's Privy Council must be composed of some twenty thousand humdrum-looking old gentlemen. Next the Herr Geheimrath is Hofrath von Gamar, then Medicinal Rath Wurster, from Bonn, and Baurath Lendertz, from Düsseldorf, and Dr. (Phil) Königbergerhofenauerband. "There are land-rats and water-rats," said Shylock; apparently he knew of no more: but in Germany there is the Schulrath, the Staatsrath, and the Kirchenrath. I have counted twenty-seven varieties of the animal, among which is the Landrath. The Wasserrath probably left Germany "in the Hanover ship," for it is extinct here. It will reappear, no doubt, with the German federal fleet.

The Germans talk amongst themselves in dissonant consonant terms, which our hero cannot understand, but he is at no loss to perceive that he himself is the object of their curiosity. At last the Herr Hofrath, a little, well-nourished, fair-haired gentleman, comes up affably, and, in very good French, asks Randolph who he is? What is his age, profession, and prospects? How did he



become lame? Is he married, or unmarried, or affianced, or divorced? How many sisters and brothers has he got?

Randolph, to divert his attention, states he has five sisters. Herr Hofrath wishes to know how old they are, if they are blonde or dark, if they are married, and to whom? what kind of husbands they have got, and what species of children? He then walks away, without any ceremony, to the main body (who have been watching his proceedings), now swelled by Unterwelt-Assessor Groll and his spouse, the Frau Unterwelt-Assessorin. Herr Hofrath retails all his information in the most open manner, turning round and glancing at our hero by way of illustration, the Frau Unterwelt-Assessorin examining Randolph through an opera-glass (she is short-sighted ever since she had typhoid fever). All the gentlemen, save one, wear spectacles. Here a man, noticing Randolph is without those appendages, approaches him, takes off his hat, makes a profound obeisance, and offers our hero some goggles, eye-glasses, and optical instruments, for sale at about double the customary

prices. On being politely informed that they are not required, his face suddenly assumes an expression of intense disgust, as if stung by a scorpion; he turns on his heel, and walks away. Randolph had seen too much of the world to lay too much stress on these little freaks of national character. He found the Germans a good-natured, well-informed, and obliging class of people, and had little difficulty in making his way, for most of them could speak French.

The Moselle is a river about the size of the Forth. It flows into the Rhine on the north side of Coblenz, and is navigable to steamboats as far as Metz, a fortified city of France, only two hundred miles from Paris. The scenery resembles that of the Rhine between Coblenz and Bingen: you have the same undulating hills sloping down to the water, their sides terraced with vineyards, which mount up to the edge of the crags that form their summits. Here and there, on the boldest peaks, are seen the mouldering towers of mediæval castles. The romantic monotony of villages stretching along the river side reminds one of a child's toy wooden

houses, which it links together, sometimes in one fashion, and sometimes in another, but always presenting buildings of the same pattern. In these villages on the Rhine you always have a line of houses, with their peaked and slated gables, and two or three rows of windows on the roof; a church; perhaps a watch-tower; a gasthof (hotel), and a gastwirthschaft (inn). These last have their courtyards, enclosing bowers of wild vine or weeping ash, fitted up with wooden tables and chairs, in which Germans love to drink wine or coffee.

To a man of taste, it will be a pleasing episode to leave the crowded hotels and parade of the panorama land of the Rhine, to spend a few days in the quiet valleys of the Moselle. The river itself is not so grand as the Rhine; but its rapid waters are as pure as the stream of the Cona, not vexed by the ceaseless passage of trading prows, nor spurned to foam by the flapping of paddle-wheels. The wreaths of smoke the steamboat leaves behind have here days to melt away into the air. Almost the only commerce that goes down the Moselle consists in rafts of timber, and barrels of its famous wines,

which have made the names of the villages along its banks (witness Piesport, Grach, and Zeltingen) known throughout the world.

The landscape on the Moselle is more rural than on the Trunk stream: the sunshine lies more dreamily on the vine-terraced hills; the villages are quieter and more secluded—the abode of honest vine-dressers, who do not consider a stranger an object of extortion, imposition, and legal persecution. The landscape changes a little after passing the town of Zell. It is more open; the hills do not stand so close against one another, and the villages have a little room to throw orchards and gardens round about them.

The Prussian steamer stops at the famous city of Trèves, which contains more remains of Roman antiquities than any other in the north of Europe. It is now but a sleepy provincial town of ten thousand inhabitants.

Our hero landed at Berncastel. It was nearly dark before they arrived; but he made his way without difficulty to the Gasthof zu den Drei Königen, known to the British reader through the “Log



of the Water Lily.” The inn is better even than before ; but the kind hostess who took such care of one of its crew during his illness is no longer there. Her place is now filled by her daughter. A more charming young hostess never welcomed a weary traveller — dark-haired, black-eyed, handsome, cheerful, active, and lively, the very ideal of a true, good, warm-hearted, Arcadian maiden, more anxious about the comfort of her guests than they can be themselves. She speaks French and English. Her father is as worthy, stout, and jolly an old host as one could meet with, even in merry England.

Berncastel is a day’s sail from Coblenz, lying on the neck of one of those beautiful isthmuses which the river encloses and waters. It has about 2,300 inhabitants, and fills up a deltoid hollow between two hills. Compactly built, with its curious little wynds of houses in the German and French styles, and its tiny squares, it looks more like a Lilliputian capital than a county town. The row of houses fronting the Moselle, the broad side of the delta, is adorned by the church and a handsome château-like



building of some antiquity, belonging, I believe, to the family who once lived above, in the Castle of Landshut. This fine old ruin tops a hill to the eastward, on whose terraced sides the vine now grows luxuriantly among the slate stones. Behind, in deeper relief, stretches an arm of more lofty hills less tamely wooded.

The hills on this bank surround half the landscape, like a bent bow; in the middle winds the Moselle, and on the other side of the water is a beautiful tongue of meadow land, covered with orchards and gardens, sloping gently, like the boss of a shield, to the water's edge. Directly opposite Berncastel is a picturesque old monastery, with its courtyard and garden, now converted into a hospital for the relief of indigent old men. A flying bridge sways to and fro, like an enormous pendulum, on its long floating chain, connecting the two banks of the stream; but there are no other dwellings on the monastery side till we come to the pretty village of Cous, about half a mile up the river. One may wander over the world without seeing a lovelier spot.

Randolph lost no time in inquiring after Miss.

Campbell. The hostess knew her well. Her father was an English officer, and her mother an Indian countess. But she was no more there. Randolph needed to be assured of that several times, in case he had misunderstood, “gone,” “fort,” “parti.” Where was she now? The hostess did not know; but, seeing Randolph so anxious, she said perhaps her daughter could tell. The *fräulein*, next morning, produced a letter nearly a year old, from which her then address was obtained. The handwriting was the same, though much better formed than that of the letter Randolph had in his possession. He now perceived that Miss Campbell must have been little accustomed to write any but German characters. The epistle ran as follows:—

MY DEAREST FATHER!

I got your most welcome letter, telling of the change of place of the regiment. I am glad that you go into the country of the Rohillas, for they say it is the best and greenest in India; and the people, you know, are the best. I have been quite well since I last wrote. Mrs. von Greving is also quite well. We have had a remarkably fine spring this year; the trees are

all white with blossoms, which you know come out before the leaves. My little garden across the river is wonderfully beautiful. I have got a few roses planted, and they promise very well. The strawberries grow well, too. I like the strawberry blossom both for its beauty and the promise it conveys. Are you shocked?

I have tried to make a drawing of Berncastel, and the country round; but have spoiled a half-dozen sheets of paper without being satisfied. My teacher, who is an old artist from Brussels, and comes here in the summer, would do one himself, but I do not wish you to enjoy the scenery through any eyes except my own; so I got fresh colours, and commenced the thing again. It is exceedingly difficult to seize upon the spring landscape. In some places the trees are quite silvery with blossoms, without any leaves; in others, the leaves are half opened, and stand up quite stiff on their stalks, instead of bending over, as they do in summer, and there is ever so many bare, branchless trees mixed up with the green and white, that it makes a very fine relief. If I could only manage to draw it! I hope it will help to allure you back to Villait.

I do so long to see you again; I would willingly come out to India myself; but, as you prefer coming here, I wish really the time were arrived. I ever say in my heart, Wait till 1860; and yet it seems so long. How happy I shall be, when I actually see you again! I was reading a German poet, who has an idea of a pine-tree standing in the North, covered with snow, dreaming of a palm-tree growing far away in the burn-

ing clime of the land of the morning ; but, alas ! the palm-tree is in the cold North dreaming of the pine-tree in India.\* Fraülein Honigerst is going to be married ; I gave her one of my Cashmere scarfs. But I must now close, dearest father, in order that I may get my drawing finished.

With kindest love from Mrs. von Greving and little Franziska,

I remain, ever your affectionate daughter,

LAILI CAMPBELL.

\* This must refer to the accompanying verses of Heine, which I have attempted to translate.

Ein Fichtenbaum steht einsam,  
Im Norden auf Kahler Höh'.  
Ihn schläfert ; mit weißer Decke  
Umhüllen ihn Eis und Schnee.

Er träumt von einer Palme,  
Die fern im Morgenland,  
Einsam und schweigend trauert  
Auf brennender Felsenwand.

High on the frozen North lands,  
There stands a stately pine ;  
His leaves are white with snow-flakes,  
His bark is stiff with rime.

He dreameth of a palm-tree,  
That, far in Eastern land,  
Reareth her fan-like leaf tufts  
Above the scorching sand.

It was, indeed, true. In 1857, while India was full of blood and carnage, the sun was peacefully ripening the vine on the banks of the Moselle. It was a glorious vintage, the vintage of 1857. Every one's heart was glad, save that of the child of the Indian officer: for the news found their way in time, that her father had been murdered by the Sepoys.

At first she would not believe it. She had so vivid an idea of the fidelity of the Sepoys, and the popularity of her father, that the story seemed utterly impossible; we often doubt the cruellest blows of fortune—a doubt that tortures worse than despair. But other accounts came, ever bloodier than those before. She had dreamt of seeing him return so often. What she would say? what she would do? Her heart had bounded at the thought so often; and it was never to be:

Alas! the Fates must work their will,  
Whatever human heart may bleed,  
And, more than they who did the ill,  
Must suffer for the evil deed!

She remembered her mother very well—a tall,



gentle lady, with a profusion of jewels, who sat upon cushions, in a richly-carpeted room. She would wait for hours by the door screen, listening for a horse's foot. It would come nearer and nearer, then a tall figure, dressed in scarlet, mounted on a white horse, would wheel into the courtyard. How the little girl's heart leaped to see his splendid uniform and golden shoulder scales!

\* \* \* \* \*

Her mother disappeared, and would not come back, let her cry as she may. One day her old nurse fell a-weeping, and took away her spencer and drawers, and dressed her in a frock and petticoats; and her father carried her away—a wild, untaught little girl—into a strange country, where the people were so little, black, and ugly, and spoke another tongue. And then he brought her into a ship, full of white people; and the ship moved away of itself; and there was nothing but water all round about. “That is the sea,” said her father, “which God has made. How great God is, who has made the great sea!” After many days, she felt it colder, and went up on deck to sit

in the sun ; but there was no heat in the sunshine, and she was frightened, and ran, weeping, to her father, telling him, “ that there was no heat in the sunshine.” Then she remembered landing in Villait, where people wore black clothes, and everything was so cold, and the grass so green, and the sunshine like moonshine.

The Major was somewhat at a loss what to do with his little daughter. He had intended to bring her up himself, but soon found reason to abandon the project. She would not learn English ; made the people understand what she wanted by signs, at which she was very quick ; declared she would not wear petticoats ; tried to bribe them to bring her a pair of drawers ; would not go out, and sat all day before the fire, wrapped up in a little blanket. An old friend of the Major had married a German—Herr von Greving, Captain in the Landwehr. She was a most estimable woman, though the marriage had not been a fortunate one. He was a vain man, descended from some former tenant of a ruined castle on the Moselle, where he had a small inheritance. He soon squandered it

away ; and then came to Berncastel with his wife and only daughter. No longer able, from want of money, to command the privilege of being obsequious to men of rank, and feeling unable any longer to look down on the rest of mankind, he became a tyrant to his unfortunate wife. One day, however, he caught a severe cold. He retired to his room, put on the stove, and would not allow either door or window to be opened, declaring it was “barbarisch.” While in the fair way of recovery, he was unfortunately struck down by an attack of apoplexy, and died about a week after. All that Mrs. von Greving had to depend on was a few shares in the Grauberger Hagel Versicherung’s Company. She was glad to take charge of Major Campbell’s little daughter ; he was equally glad to get so competent a person with whom he could leave her. Major Campbell remained two years in Europe ; and before he left, he had the satisfaction of seeing a great improvement in his daughter. Fraülein von Greving was about ten years of age, and the two were always together. A greater contrast one could not fancy—Franziska von

Greving was a fair-haired, frank, good-humoured little creature, with blue eyes, ivory complexion, red cheeks, and placid, waxen features; while Laili Campbell was tall, and delicate-looking, black haired, dark complexioned, quick, and lively, but retiring to strangers. In Germany, the preference is generally given to brunettes, and fraülein Campbell received a great deal of admiration. The son of Freiherr von Linkenthal used to write sonnets in praise of "Our beautiful Fraülein, L. C.," in the *Bonner Zeitung*, and advertise a *dreifaches donnerndes Lebehoch* on her saint-day. When at home from college, he used to send her an immense profusion of nosegays, many of which, indeed, he threw in at the window, for want of a regular channel of communication.

Three months were spent in painful anxiety as to whether the news of the Major's death were true or not. Another calamity struck, at the same time, the unfortunate women. The dividends in the Hagel Versicherung's Company had become very low; Miss Campbell's board had been, consequently, a great accession to Frau



von Greving's income ; indeed, it formed the greater part of it. It had been punctually paid by an agent from Edinburgh, with whom Major Campbell had made arrangements before he left. It now ceased. The agent wrote that he did not feel authorised to make any more payments. The Major, apparently, had left no will, and his relations must come in for the property. He would like distinctly to know in what relation she stood to Major Campbell. This caused the unfortunate girl the utmost distress. Frau von Greving and she wept over it, but said little. Indeed, they had very little to say. Major Campbell had brought the little girl to her as his daughter, and she had taken the rest for granted. Laili did not answer the letter, and avoided the subject. She regarded it more as an attack upon her father's memory than her own reputation. Her father was to her the highest ideal of honour and goodness ; she was too ignorant in the ways of the world to understand how lightly men, honourable enough in other things, will take advantage of the tenderness of a woman. She never doubted her father was really married to her mother.



Soon another idea began to fill her mind. One often takes a pleasure in carrying out the projects and wishes of a relation or friend whom they have loved fondly, and lost. Sometimes, indeed, they delight to enslave their lives to a mere broken expression, or wandering desire, which has fallen from dying lips. The Major had regretted that his daughter was, as it were, cut off from Scotland. She herself had a longing to re-visit the land of her mother. "I am like the dhobi's dog, neither belonging to the house nor the ghat," repeating a familiar proverb she had learned in India. "I must not be cut off both from the land of my father and mother." The project of going to England to become a teacher or governess is a favourite one with German *fräuleins*, partly from a desire to learn the English language (for the Germans are very fond of learning languages), and partly from the idea that governesses are much better paid in England. It is known at the same time that they are not so well treated. Frau von Greving opposed any such project. She was willing to share her little income with Laili, whom

she loved as her own child. Besides, the girl was far too young to go alone into the world. She thought that if they were to make some exertion to better their little means, they might do so together instead of separately. Frau von Greving would have liked to have returned to Scotland herself, but she could not afford to live there. Laili saw that her continuing in Germany entailed many privations on her foster-mother, and her imagination was fairly struck with the idea of going to Scotland. She had formed a highly favourable opinion of that country from the novels of Sir Walter Scott, whose descriptions were corroborated by the testimony of all the Scotch she had met with on the Moselle. She had, however, no means of putting her scheme into execution till, about seven months after the news of the death of her father, she met in with a Scotch family, who wished to take home a German governess. They were good, kind-hearted people, residing in the Perthshire Highlands; and she felt quite at home with them. Frau von Greving soon after left Berncastel for Heidelberg.

Randolph had noted the address he had got from Fraulein G., and betook himself from Bern-castel with all haste to Edinburgh. The reader may imagine the hearty reception he got from the Gibsons, and their delight in exhibiting so famous a warrior to their different friends. Randolph found every one very well acquainted with his adventures, for he had kept up a regular correspondence with Mrs. Gibson. The boys had all made up their minds to become soldiers, and go out to India to fight the Pandies. I do not think Tinie would have objected to go out to India either; but Randolph's imagination was already completely occupied. Mrs. Gibson had been rather shocked at the sudden caprice which turned him to the Rhine, and he was thus compelled to lay the circumstances before her. Old Miss Campbell was also well pleased to see our hero. She informed him that the M'Gowans were at present residing at Ostermarch, and she had no doubt that they would be delighted to see him. He, however, had now formed a shrewder idea of the service they had rendered him.

But a joyful surprise awaited Randolph. Dr. Reid he found already set up in practice in Edinburgh ; and on going to visit him one morning, our hero met with an old friend, Mr. White, the civilian, whose acquaintance the reader has already had the honour of making.

## CHAPTER IX.

THE ADVENTURES OF JAMES WHITE, ESQ., C. S., AND HIS  
TRAVELS TO EUROPE ON "URGENT PRIVATE AFFAIRS."

THAT gentleman had gone on prospering. He had been sent to the Punjaub a short while before the mutiny broke out. One would have thought that he was thrown into a most uncongenial atmosphere, for everything suddenly assumed the aspect of horrid war. Mr. White, however, proved himself equal to the occasion. He got a pair of pistols, or rather took them from the stores of confiscated arms. These he carried about with him, in a pair of holsters added to his "Peat" saddle. Some people said that, once upon a day, he killed his own horse by one of them suddenly going off; but this was a calumny. That he could use them well was



proved by the number of cats and pariah dogs which he shot. He wore a very swell Guzerati sword, albeit as blunt as a garden hoe. His letters home bristled with arms; nothing but cutting, slashing, sticking, hanging, potting, or blowing away from the guns. Indeed, they were liker the ferocious manifestoes of Molly M'Ghuire's sons, or other eminent Ribbonmen, than the tasteful effusions of a "togatus" of University College. A friend once showed me one of Mr. White's epistles, despatched from a Thanna, which he was sent to hold, in order to overawe "one of the fiercest and most turbulent villages that ever plagued our frontier." It was written, as he expressly stated, with wetted gunpowder, instead of ink, and sealed with the ramrod of a pistol.

Mr. White received the favourable notice of Sir John Lawrence for his activity and zeal, and was invested with extraordinary powers. The reader may wonder why he left a scene in which he was so well fitted to bear a part; but he must remember that the brave White had a tender, as well as a

martial, side to his nature. Ares, as every reader of the *Odyssey* knows, was as fond of the society of the wife of Hephaistos as of wielding the arms the lame god forged; and so it was with Mr. White. He was more successful in arms than in love; the Thanna he defended never was attacked. The enemy knew too well the man with whom it had to deal. Though once caught in the net of female fascination, Mr. White was too amiable to impute to the whole sex the caprice of one lady—

Oh, think not affection can ever be wasted.

His mind was fairly possessed by a sense of the exquisite sweetness of love. Neither power nor fame could console him for the want of this.

At the little out-of-the-way station of Guljari he pined for female society. There was no chance of getting married at a place where were no European ladies whatever. Mr. White's mind became affected with a tender melancholy, and, after much trouble, he obtained leave to go to Europe for six months, on "urgent private affairs." To Europe he accordingly took ship.

“You are just going to England to look for a wife,” said a lady to him in the Mediterranean steamboat. “I knew a gentleman who went home to do so ; and I told him that six months were not enough. I afterwards heard that he had to get his leave extended.”

Perceiving that this annoyed the young aspirant, the lady enlarged upon her theme—the necessity of female delays, the danger of pressing young ladies too quickly, the necessity of gaining over relations, and doing things in proper form and order—till Mr. White became very much alarmed. He determined to lose no time. Possessed with this one idea, he travelled, puff, snort, and roar, by the mail from Marseilles to Paris. The female population of Europe is very considerable ; at the sight of so many nice-looking, nicely-dressed French ladies standing with elegant little parasols at every station he passed, Mr. White’s courage returned : he could never long forget that he was a civilian. It is recorded of a Roman citizen who, falling into barbarian hands, was cruelly scourged to death, that

the only words he uttered, amidst groaning and cries, were, "I am a Roman citizen." If a similar fate had happened to Mr. White, I am sure he would have said nothing but, "I am a Bengal civilian." He determined to stay a few days in Paris, to see the many sights of that gay capital. Mr. White put up at the Hotel du Louvre. Accident often stands our friend; at the table d'hôte, he found himself next a remarkably tempting young lady. She was talking to another; and Mr. White perceived she was English. She was rather low in stature, dark-haired, oval-faced, cherry-lipped, and with beautiful almond-shaped eyes. Oh! those eyes, how they wandered sideways here and there! She talked in a low, sweet voice to the lady next her. Mr. White's curiosity was roused, and he commenced a series of amiable civilities, getting her pepper, procuring her pickles, and encouraging her to eat: for she scarcely ate anything. The lady at first was very bashful; her glance remained fixed upon her plate; she answered sweetly and graciously, but with evident embarrassment.

Gradually she got more courage, commenced to converse with ease, then with sprightliness, and, at last, turned her merry black eyes upon Mr. White. That gentleman was designedly vulnerable. The reader has seen one of the many pictures of St. Sebastian, tied up to a tree with his bosom bared, ready to be shot at. Mr. White was subjecting himself to a more agreeable martyrdom; he was, as it were, getting himself tied up, and exposing his heart to arrows, shot, not by Mauritanian archers, but by lovely young ladies, on the understanding that the one who should hit him in the proper place was to come and unloose his bonds, pull out the arrow, pour balm into the wound, make him her lord and master, and spend with him the rest of her life in an ecstasy of happiness, only interrupted, every year, by six months' residence in the hills.

Mr. White began to feel his mission nearly accomplished. After dinner he inquired of some gentlemen, with whom he was on speaking terms, who the lady was. They did not know. That



was the lady who always goes about with Lady Blankyton. It was even she : the intimate friend of Lady Blankyton. Mr. White was no envious, snarling radical ; he respected the nobility of his country, and only regretted he had not seen more of their society. The friend of a lady of quality must surely possess quality herself.

It would be tedious to trace how the acquaintance progressed from conversations at the table d'hôte to walks in the Jardins des Tuileries ; how they at last extended to the Bois de Boulogne ; how Mr. White accompanied the ladies to hear Cocquerel preach at the Oratoire, and was afterwards promoted to share a box with them at the Opera Comique. The lady was very fond of music ; so was Mr. White. He was invited by Lady Blankyton to hear them play. The two ladies had a sitting-room between them. Then what operas, overtures, rondinos, Beethoven's *Kriegs-gesang* (at Mr. White's special request), and finally Weber's last waltz, which Mr. White declared he could die to. The gentleman had a fine tenor voice ; the lady a superb

soprano. It was worth while listening at the door to hear them singing—

Celui qui sut toucher mon cœur  
Jurait d'aimer toute la vie.

And,

Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten.

Lovely evenings of Paris ; sun going down in beauty on the Seine ; recollections of youth, and wit, and splendour—

Was hat mit, ihrem singen die Lorelei gethan ?

Mr. White had cunningly gleaned some particulars from Lady Blankyton, all too of the most satisfactory description. The lady was a widow ; a Mrs. Smythe. Well, that might be got over. She was “ daughter of the late Mr. Orozio Tyng, formerly British consul in Oporto.” “ She was a sweet creature ; ” and she shared with her ladyship the same house in Tours.

“ Very unfortunate to lose her husband at so early an age,” observed Mr. White.

“ Yes, poor creature ! ” replied Lady Blankyton.

“ May I venture to ask who was Mr. Smythe ? ”

/

“He was an officer in the Dragoon Guards. He was drowned in a boating excursion up the Nile.”

“How very sad for poor Mrs. Smythe ! Did he leave any children to console her ? ”

“No ; he left none,” replied her ladyship, with a faint smile.

What better could Mr. White have ? He became more marked than ever in his attentions to Mrs. Smythe. Lady Blankyton introduced him into “exclusive society.” They dined with Lord Cowley ; were intimate with M. Mirès, who was intimate with the Emperor. Mr. White, “severely taught to feel,” was not inclined to be presumptuous ; but really the grounds of hoping were so strong, his attentions were so well received, and they had mutually suffered so many delicate allusions, that there really appeared no grounds for doubting his ultimate success. He was stepping out of the hotel one day, when he was greeted by a lady. Was it indeed the case ? No other than Mrs. Morris. They stopped to converse a little,

and discovered that they were staying at the same hotel. Mrs. Morris had been there two days.

Very singular hadn't noticed her before.

She noticed him at the table d'hôte. However, she observed that his attentions were much taken up.

Mr. White bowed, and coloured.

"Very agreeable lady, Mrs. Smythe?"

"Yes, I believe so."

"How long has she been in Paris?"

"About three weeks," Mr. White thought.

"Has she got her children with her?"

"Her children!" replied Mr. White. "She has no children."

"Are you sure of that?" observed Mrs. Morris, quietly.

"Yes, perfectly so," replied Mr. White.

"Then you have been making inquiries, I suppose?" said Mrs. Morris, who did not stand in much awe of her late spouse's sub.

"Lady Blankyton told me so," replied Mr.

White. "I don't suppose a lady of her rank would state what was incorrect."

"Quite impossible," said Mrs. Morris, glacially. "How do you like the weather here? Isn't the air beautifully clear for a large city?"

"But about Mrs. Smythe," resumed the civilian. "Are you sure she has got any children?"

"Ah! the learned judge always comes out," remarked Mrs. Morris, playfully. "But I am not in the witness-box; besides, it is only a hearsay statement, which witnesses are not allowed to repeat."

"Could you not mention the name of your authority?"

"Well, I might do that; but I do not see the use of making too much of the thing."

"I should like to know," persisted Mr. White.

"Well, come up here."

She brought him up-stairs, and introduced him to her father, Captain Winnington, a tall, handsome, rather peculiar-looking old man. After a little—



“ Didn’t you know that Mrs. Smythe at Tours, papa ? ”

“ Oh, yes ; I heard enough about her.”

“ What was it ? Please tell us.”

“ Well, I believe she has already been married twice, although she cannot be much older than twenty-four. Her first husband was a commercial traveller in the port wine trade, with whom she ran away from Oporto. She is a clever card, and, though she was burdened with four children, she managed to get an officer in the Dragoon Guards to marry her. He is dead, too ; and I fancy she is looking out for a third.”

What Mr. White felt after such a blunt allusion, the sensitive reader may imagine.

“ I did not think,” he stammered out, “ that Lady Blankyton would have concealed so important a particular.”

“ Bah ! What does she care, if the thing gives her amusement ? besides, she is hard up herself, and has got a large family. Her husband, they say, lost all his money in the Tentern Bank ; but

I guess he had spent a good deal of it before that."

"Is she not a lady of high family?"

"I dare say she is," quoth the Captain; "but, when you have lived a little longer, you will perhaps come to the conclusion of Sancho Panza—that there are only two kinds of families in the world, the haves and the have-nots. I hope they have borrowed no money from you."

"Oh, no!" cried Mr. White, shocked at the plainness of the worthy veteran.

"Well, it is a blessing," replied he; "for it would not have been the first time."

After a little conversation about India, the two agreed to go out and take a game at billiards. Captain Winnington returned very well pleased with the young civilian, remarking that something could be made out of him after all. The three spent the evening at the Théâtre Français; and, next morning, Mr. White, at the recommendation of Captain Winnington, left by the Chemin de fer du Nord; and Mrs. Morris and her father by

the Chemin de fer de Lyons et Marseilles, for Italy.

Mr. White sent a note to Mrs. Smythe, in which he gave her a delicate hint of the reason of his departure; and he bore with him, the gay deceiver! a letter of introduction to Mrs. Reid, which Mrs. Morris had good-naturedly given him, promising, at the same time, to follow it up by a private one to her friend. Mr. White was soon in the arms of his mother and sister. Very proud they were to see him; but the hero scarcely found the place to his mind. Most gentlemen return from India considerably higher and haughtier than when they left England; and it is not to be expected that a man of the rank and services of Mr. White should prove an exception. But, alas! the magistrate, who possessed full powers at Guljari, dropped like a plucked fowl into London. His mother was a widow, who supported herself and family by keeping a small provision shop near Leicester Square. She was a most respectable woman, and had brought up and educated four children, one of

whom was dead. She had maintained James at college; and he had learned French and German from an exile, whom the reaction of 1849 had driven from Baden. For several years he had lodged in their house. Mr. White's sister was a very beautiful and well-behaved girl, about twenty years of age; but his brother, who was a year or two older, had become wild and dissipated.

He was supposed to be an engraver, though he really did nothing save spending the money Mr. James sent home. James, who was a good son, was shocked at finding that so far from being able to give up the shop, as he wished, they were now poorer than ever. He tried good advice, tried to get his brother persuaded to go to Australia; but nothing would do. His mother, moreover, was very fond of the young prodigal; and declared that he was cleverer than James, if he would only apply. James and Arthur were continually quarrelling. The latter laughed at his illustrious brother, and the errand which brought him home. He had a slight impediment in his

speech, and could not articulate the *r*'s. His mother, who never pronounced an *r* in her life, laid the blame of it to a Scotch teacher, who had come to London to teach the proper pronunciation of the English language to the children there. He beat the boys whenever they did not pronounce their *r*'s. He finally left England, but the mere recollection of the usage he had suffered from the ill-advised instructor caused Arthur to stutter whenever he came to any syllable which from the spelling we may believe in ancient times was the home of a consonant, now sinking into as total an oblivion as the digamma. It was very amusing to hear him ridiculing James's conjugal mission.

“What blought you hele, letting youl livel hoff the fly? To get mallied. I'm blowed if I evel heald anything up to that. It is as bad as a lacel longing to be a cab oss. Ale thele no gals in Hindial? Could you not have got a Cashmeali 'oman if you couldn't 'old hout? But cheel up, Jemmy, my boy, don't let youl spilits go down; fol



many a gal that I know well is waiting for you in the town."

The battle became bitterer and bitterer, till, at last, Arthur drew a remarkably funny caricature of a civilian home from India on urgent private affairs, which he threatened to send to *Punch*. Mr. James saw that he could not obtain a suitable *pied à terre* in London, so he packed up his things, and set out for Edinburgh.

Ladies of England! you must not be offended at my unfortunate friend.

Pardon, I pray ye; 'twas a fault unwilling.

I admit that any Englishman, who would go so far North on such an errand, ought to be compelled to go on foot; and, like the celebrated pilgrim Ibrahim Adham, make eleven hundred genuflexions every mile, one for every fair lady he passes; for there are more beautiful ladies in England than in any other country in the world. The great objection to this method of travelling, on the part of Mr. White, would have been that it entailed the loss of much valuable time. Two months and seven days of

his six months' leave were already out, so he went in the Great Northern express to Caledonia, where are also many beautiful damsels of the same sweet Saxon sisterhood.

## CHAPTER X.

RANDOLPH FINDS THE DAUGHTER OF MAJOR CAMPBELL—  
THE READER GETS INTO GOOD SOCIETY.

RANDOLPH had written to the gentleman, Mr. M'Naught, in whose house he had learnt that Miss Campbell was living, in order to ascertain her address. After a week's time he got an answer, informing him that Miss Campbell had been with his family for a year ; but that, owing to a change of circumstances, they had been obliged to leave Perthshire for Glasgow. Miss Campbell was now with a Mr. Kinnoul's family, and was living at their country seat, near Gyrwald.

Randolph lost no time in making for the place. The house was about four miles from the railway station, situated on the side of a hill, and pro-

tected by a crescent-shaped plantation of pine-trees. He passed through a fine lawn, then a garden, and came up to a large modern-looking building. He rang the bell, and a smart footman came.

“Does Miss Campbell live here?”

The footman seemed surprised, and looked at Randolph again, who repeated his question.

“Could I see her?”

“I don’t know,” said the man.

“What is it?” cried a female voice from behind.

“It is a gentleman who wishes to see Miss Campbell,” replied the man, in an impudent manner. The woman came forward, apparently to stare at the visitor.

“I should be obliged,” said Randolph, turning to her, “if you would take this card to Miss Campbell, and ask her if she would allow me to see her.” He wrote under his name, “Butiana Light Infantry.”

“I’ll do that,” said the woman, as if she was conferring a favour. Randolph turned round to examine the flowers in front of the house. Several

young ladies, of all sizes, passed by; they asked the footman "Who is that?" in a loud tone, and would-be English accent. After about a quarter of an hour, the servant returned, saying Miss Campbell would see him in the school-room, to which he conducted him. The room was empty when he entered. His heart beat as if he had been shown into the ante-room of an emperor. The lightest sound of a light footstep, the faintest rustle of a female dress, and she came.

"Miss Campbell?"

She bowed without saying anything.

"I took the liberty to request an interview, in order to deliver a paper, which you will find, I think, of some importance."

"You belong to the Butiana Light Infantry?"

"Yes; I served under your father, Major Campbell. The paper came originally from him, and only turned up a short while ago."

He gave her the will, with the Deputy Commissioner's letter, asking her to read the latter first. She told him to be seated, and read it gravely.



There was no apparent emotion ; but her hand trembled when she took the will. She went to the window to read it, apparently for more light. She read it again and again, as if seeking for something she could not find, and then turning to Randolph, she thanked him kindly for the trouble he must have had in getting the paper delivered to her.

Randolph explained that he would write to the Commissioner, who would, no doubt, forward the money in his hands at once ; but that it would probably cost some trouble in getting the property at home realised. Both the executors mentioned in the will were dead ; he hoped he himself could be of use in proving that fact. He then took his departure, leaving the will in Miss Campbell's hands.

Here I shall try to give some general idea of the young lady's appearance : for with pen and ink one can do little more. She was tall, and her carriage seemed naturally stately, though she was slender in make and retiring in demeanour. Her hair hung round her head in numerous glossy black

ringlets. Her forehead was high, but covered by the arch of her parting curls ; the dark eyebrows clearly but delicately traced ; the eyes, black, calm, brilliant, and intelligent. I feel some delicacy in case I might prejudice the reader about her nose : it was rather long ; but it is only the matter of a line or two between a short and a long nose ; and tastes differ as to the length desirable. I have looked over the pictures of fashionable ladies in the "Englishwoman's Magazine," and discover, to my extreme concern, that the noses are all short, as if they had been cropped in infancy. Then Lily had not a fashionable nose, I am sorry for it ; but Major Campbell had an aquiline one, and the Afghan ladies are not fashionable in the matter of noses. "The nose is the difficulty of Afghan women," I once heard a learned mulvi remark. However, the mouth was as small as the pictured fine ladies' referred to above, and had a most winning expression round about it, especially when it smiled ; when it laughed, her little finely-cut teeth, white as cornelians, might be seen on a front view. A

well-proportioned chin completed the oval contour of her face. Her complexion was as dark, if not darker, than any European lady, Greek or Spaniard ; in this respect she could stand no comparison with Mrs. Morris ; but she was taller, and her figure, though slight, was quite as fine. She appeared to Randolph about twenty years of age ; in reality she was barely eighteen. Her glance, as our hero had watched it fixed on the letter, haunted his memory the whole night. Did she think of him ? She must have some thoughts about him ; perhaps she thought more about the papers he brought ? Was she not rather cold ? She might have shown more interest seeing he belonged to her father's regiment. Why was she so constrained ? Did she despise the lowness of his rank ? After all, what was the use allowing the thing to disquiet him ? He would do what he could to help her for her father's sake.

Randolph went to the village inn, and wrote the letter to the Commissioner. Next day it rained heavily. The day after he went again to the house,

and inquired for Miss Campbell, as before. The footman said he would deliver his message, and, after a while, returned, saying she would see him in about half an hour, as the young ladies were at their lessons. He went to walk about the lawn, and after a little more than that time, Miss Campbell came out herself to meet him. He apologised for troubling her again, showed her the copy of the letter he was sending, and made some inquiries as to the manner in which she wished the money given over to her. He offered his assistance in getting the property which was due to her in Scotland. She thanked him sweetly and kindly; he saw, however, that there was something which seemed to pre-occupy and embarrass her, and again took his leave. He occupied his mind in conjecturing what was the matter; and came to the conclusion that she could not be kindly treated by the Kinnouls.

Mr. Kinnoul was a wine-merchant.

The teetotalers hold that wine is a compound of logwood, cider, sugar, potato-brandy, and sulphuric

acid, quite free from the juice of the grape. In different parts of the world I have noticed very large spaces of ground entirely covered by vines ; hence I adopt the old view of the origin of that liquid. But there is no doubt that wine merchants do make a great deal of money ; Mr. Kinnoul was an example ; he had thus raised himself, and there is reason to believe Mrs. Kinnoul also, from a humble origin. “They that have money,” the proverb says, “may buy land.” Accordingly, Mr. Kinnoul bought land, one-third of a large estate which went to the hammer. Unlucky were the people of Gyrwald in their three new proprietors. The old family, whom they supplanted, had been a generous, good-natured race of people, who, unhappily for themselves, had loved amusement more than improvement. The first *novus homo* was a London actuary, retired from business, who spent his leisure time, which, like Don Quixote’s, comprised the greater part of the year, in chasing and prosecuting people who went along the old by-paths, or across the muirs, or dared to fish “his trout” from the



stream. “He’s come new to his kingdom,” the country people would say—

*ἅπας δὲ τραχὺς ὅστις ἂν νέον κρατῇ.—Æschylus.*

About three miles further along the old road was the newly-built mansion of the Kinnouls; and still farther on stood the house of the Dalrymples. Mr. Dalrymple was a wealthy brewer, a well-known Radical, and U.P. member of the town council of Edinburgh. He let his farms at such enormous rents, that nobody but desperate characters would bid for them, so he was rarely paid any rent at all. Will it be believed that the purveyors of these two jolly fluids (so closely resembling one another in the chemical processes that attend their formation and the effects they produce) disliked and pretended to despise one another, and only united in looking down on the *quondam* seller of sweet milk, no other than our old friend Mrs. Gibson, who had a house and grounds about five miles from the village of Gyrwald, and nine from Kinnoul Hall? They met every Sunday at church, for it was a thinly-

peopled country. To church went Mrs. Kinnoul, finely apparelled, with watch and chain of solid gold, her daughters by her side; all her retainers came—coachman, footman, lady's-maid, and female servants of low degree. She marshalled them all under her eye to the august seat put apart for the family, and sat bolt upright, endorsing the words of the preacher with zealous eye and emphatic mien. Her great desire was to get “into society,” and no pilgrim seeking for the source of the Ganges ever got more checks, and tumbles, and trips, and crosses than Mrs. Kinnoul. She felt conscious she could have managed the thing for herself; but then Mr. Kinnoul?

The first thing you require for such an undertaking, Mrs. Lord-hunter, is watchful, sustained, resolute assertion; revenge on your inferiors the slights you receive from your superiors and would-be equals. When you can get hold of any opening, be as mild, long-suffering, and insinuating as possible, and work the advantage as hard as you can, till you gain another; and,

if you have plenty of money, you are sure to succeed in the end. The Kinnouls were perhaps better liked in the country-side than the other proprietors; they were fond of giving patronage, and a great deal could be got out of them through obsequiousness.

Randolph was standing speaking to the landlord of the "White Horse," at Gyrwald, when the latter went a little aside to speak to a young woman, who came up at the time.

"It's the gardener's lassie at the Kinnoul gate, and she says that Mrs. Kinnoul has tell them not to let ye win through, if ye come again to see the governess. They're no blate folk," said the man, marking the effect his words produced on our hero. "The best chance ye ha'e o' seein' the bonny young leddy 'ill be whan she taks a walk."

Randolph did not feel much relieved by the suggestion. He determined to go away for a few days, as he suspected his lingering at the village inn might cause surmises disagreeable to the young lady. He was loth to go too: the daughter of

Major Campbell was unfortunate, no doubt unhappy, ill-treated by these bad-hearted people; then she might hear of him, if he could not see her—hear perhaps of the quantity of trout he caught yesterday; he might meet her; any way he was near her. How annoying to think of the distance he had traversed to seek her, and now to be stopped by such an obstacle!

## CHAPTER XI.

MR. WHITE PROSECUTES HIS SEARCH—THE CRESCENT  
AND THE CROSS—MORE ABOUT THE KINNOULS—  
MAJOR CAMPBELL'S DAUGHTER.

IN the meantime Mr. White had been getting his innings. Something new and out-of-the-way, Mrs. Reid was a great favourite in Edinburgh society. The ears of the "Modern Athenians" were very much touched with her stories of the Indian Mutiny. Dr. Reid, being newly set up in practice, had not much to do, though he was getting some surgical cases, on the strength of his Delhi and Lucknow reputation. Dr. Reid, announced Mrs. Reid one evening to a large company, had that morning assisted Professor Syme at an operation (I believe he handed him a saw). The party had been invited in honour of Mr. White; there



were nearly twenty eligible young ladies present. Mrs. Reid, who thought the thing glorious fun, had, I suspect, let out too much; but almost all the young ladies came, though it was a wet evening. The gentlemen did not show the same alacrity: so Mr. White became the object of concentrated attention. Most of the ladies considered him very handsome; and Mrs. Reid assured them that he was prodigiously clever. Mr. White, in truth, had improved very much since we first saw him at the China bazaar; his form was now more robust, he had a tolerable brown beard, and his bearing and manners were less affected and more manly. To one lady he took a preference, accompanied her home, called next day in order to ascertain whether she had not suffered in health from being out the night before. For three weeks Mr. White continued paying her attentions, till he was induced to desist by Mrs. Reid's discovery that, unknown to her family, she had become engaged to a German performer in the Opera. Mr. White, however, had come to have a high opinion

of the fickleness of the sex, from amongst whom, by the hard decree of Nature, he was compelled to select a partner ; so remembering the axiom—

The mouse that trusts to one poor hole,  
Can never be a mouse of soul,

he had kept on wooing half a dozen ladies at the same time. One of these was Miss M'Quire, a remarkably pretty girl, fond, like Mr. White, of books and information, and born, she assured him, with a longing for the East.

Mr. White had great hopes that she would be induced to accompany him thither. He had met the young lady at Mrs. Gibson's, and, through the intermediation of Mrs. Reid, he was invited to a tea-party, at which Amanda was to be present. There were no male guests invited, save some harmless dandies, who never got married, and two or three gentlemen of colour. Here Mrs. Gibson had not acted with her usual good sense : Mr. White, like a true Anglo-Indian, despised blackies, and she did not remember that Edinburgh people are particularly fond of them. Edinburgh people are very

hospitable to strangers, sometimes, one might think, overmuch so. I once heard a plumber bewailing over his apprentice, a mulatto lad, who had come from South America to learn the business. He was taken so much notice of by the grand people in Charlotte Square and Moray Place, that he began to indulge in airs unsuitable to his occupation ; and one morning came to his work wearing a pair of kid gloves. His master, justly indignant, ordered him to throw away the offending articles ; a violent quarrel took place, and the lad gave up his employment. Students of all sorts, Chinese, Cingalese, Egyptians, and Farsis, whenever they arrive, become the lions of Edinburgh society ; and generally return to their native land without having learnt anything, save dancing and charading. Mr. White did not by any means pander to the popular taste ; in fact, his behaviour was thought very rude by most of the company : he talked in such a slighting tone to the two Cingalese that their voices sank to a plaintive treble ; and they became quite humble the whole

evening. Mrs. Reid, too, behaved well nigh as badly : she would not be introduced to a coloured gentleman who sat next her, and never spoke a word to him, save ordering him to take away her plate. The rest of the company, however, made ample amends ; the ladies would go and sit next them, and envied each other the privilege of dancing with them. One child of the sun had marked Mr. White's demeanour, and determined to be revenged ; he was a sturdy little fellow, who had been sent by the Pasha of Egypt to the Medical School of the University. He was by no means beautiful—of mixed Arab and negro blood ; but very astute, wily, and patient. He came quietly, and seated himself on the other side of the lady with whom Mr. White was conversing ; that gentleman appeared annoyed : all the flow of his brilliant conversation could not prevent his partner glancing at the little Egyptian.

“ You wish me I go away ? ” said Abdulla.

“ Oh, no ; why should I wish you to go away ? ” replied the lady.

“Because I a poor heathen.”

The lady's heart grew tender. Here was a benighted spirit crying for light; could she refuse to afford it to him? She commenced a missionary harangue, which Abdulla listened to with great attention, and strong signs of illumination.

“I wish hear more.”

“I should be very happy to give you more of such precious tidings,” said the lady, who taught in a Sabbath-school, and was eminently pious. After a little the conversation took a more secular character.

“I to be physician to the Pasha of Egypt,” said Abdulla. “Egypt good, free country. No English conquer Egypt,” glancing at Mr. White.

“I thought the French conquered Egypt,” observed Tinie Gibson.

“Oh, yes; I tell you how dat was. Napoleon, you all know he was very cunning.”

Everybody assented to this self-evident proposition.

“Napoleon comes to Alexandria with bery many



soldiers, and the Beys comes, and said, ‘Why comes you here? You goes back; us make you.’ Then Napoleon said, ‘Oh, no, Beys; the Sultan of Constantinboul, he send me—make you lords of Egypt.’ So the Beys, not being instructed, helped Napoleon with all deir soldiers to conquer Egypt. But when dey had given to Napoleon all Egypt, he just looked at dem, and said, ‘Go away with you, Beys.’”

When the laughter and applause caused by this skilful statement of facts had subsided, Abdulla was asked to sing an Arabian song. After a little pressing, he commenced an animated species of chant, full of convulsive gutturals, which he varie-gated by shouting wildly and clapping his hands with immense force, in which last procedure he was joined by the whole company, by way of chorus. He then got up to dance with Miss M‘Quire,

Mr. White, who, like most learned gentlemen, could not dance, sat looking sullenly on at the fantastic evolutions of little Abdulla and his lost fair one.

The Egyptian accompanied her home, and went to bed chuckling over the Kaffir dog.

Mr. White, deeply mortified, had indulged in some satirical remarks on the young lady's partiality for blackies, which unfortunately reached the ears of Miss M'Quire. She, being as wilful as most beauties, was highly offended in her turn. Mr. White, calling on her two days after, found the Egyptian seated by her, and met with rather a cool reception. Moreover, the young lady's little sister, a child of four years, looking the civilian wistfully in the face, cried out, "Poor Mr. White can't get married!" probably an infantile repetition of some remark she had overheard. One can guess who never appeared again at Mr. M'Quire's door. It was a pity!

M'Quire was an advocate, with a large family, and deeply in debt. He was accosted in the street soon after by the fortunate rival.

"I have not the pleasure of knowing you," said the advocate.

"But your daughter has," quoth Abdulla.

The father gave some gruff answer, and forbade his daughter having any more conversation with her Mussulman admirer. The friends of missionary adventure may be anxious to learn the result of Abdulla's leaning to Christianity.

“ You give me five hundred pounds,” said he, to a friend, before returning to Egypt, “ I say Christianity is good ; you give me one thousand pounds, I say it is very good ; but I will not be a Christian.”

In spite of these crosses, Mr. White did not despond ; in the opinion of most people, the perverse ladies had injured themselves more than him. It did not require much acuteness to perceive that their example was not likely to be extensively imitated. That Mr. White, a young man of considerable abilities, comely in appearance, in a good position, and worth three hundred a year dead or alive, should fail in obtaining a wife, was difficult to believe. Every day his acquaintance was enlarging, and his opportunities for selection increasing.

In the meantime, Randolph had returned from Gyrwald, and determined to run over to Hamburg, to ascertain if the news of his uncle's death were correct. He found them too true. Mr. Howard Methyl had died about six months before, and lay buried in a churchyard at Altona. It was ten days before our hero returned, during which a number of important events had occurred.

Randolph had told Mrs. Gibson what he knew about Miss Campbell and her present situation, which interested the kind lady so much, that she went to Gyrwald expressly to see her. Mrs. Kinnoul saw Mrs. Gibson, whom she recognised at once, walking up the avenue along with Miss Campbell: for Mrs. Gibson had overtaken and accosted her, when driving along the road.

"No doubt she is coming to call upon me," said Mrs. Kinnoul; so she determined not to receive her, and was preparing for the unconscious Mrs. Gibson one of the polite insults she had herself received from her own grand acquaintances. After waiting several minutes for the expected announce-

ment, her impatience overcame her dignity; and she rang the bell for the footman.

“Did nobody call here?”

“No, ma’am,” replied the man.

“Surely I saw some people walking in the grounds?”

“I do not know, ma’am; but I shall inquire.”

He came back with the news: Mrs. Gibson had come to see Miss Campbell, but had met her on the road, and had walked along with her to the door of the house, and then turned back.

Such freedom could not be permitted. She ordered the footman to call Miss Campbell at once, and informed her she could not allow her to receive any more “persons” into the policy.

“I shall not bring any more in,” observed the latter, quietly.

“And I cannot allow you to see them at all,” resumed Mrs. Kinnoul, not marking a rebellious flash in the governess’s eyes.

“I am sorry for that: for I am likely to have business which will require me to see some one now and then.”



“I don’t wish any one in my employment to have business which interferes with their duty.”

“I do not think that any visitors who have come near me have ever interfered with my work; but as I cannot carry on my business under such restrictions, I prefer giving up my situation here.”

“What do you say?” gasped Mrs. Kinnoul, scarcely believing what she heard.

Miss Campbell slowly and deliberately repeated her observation.

It was rather a hard blow, and totally unlooked for. She knew that Miss Campbell was poor and unprotected, and considered the shelter of her house as an immense obligation. It never occurred to her that the governess’s services were an equivalent return. She was anxious that her daughters should learn German (to speak German is fashionable; it is much spoken at Court); and they were learning a great deal from Miss Campbell. What was to be done?

“I hope you have considered what you say?”

“Yes.”

“Then I wish you would think over it to-night.”

Miss Campbell replied that she was perfectly in earnest, but had no objections to wait till next morning.

That evening being Saturday, Mr. Kinnoul came, who at once forbade his wife driving away the governess by any unnecessary restrictions, and so the matter seemed to end; but there is nobody more revengeful than an arrogant and ill-tempered woman. Mrs. Kinnoul, boiling and simmering over with spite, took every opportunity to mortify Miss Campbell, and talked against her freely in her absence.

Miss Campbell saw how the matter would end, and determined to write to the M'Naughts, in Glasgow, to ask if they would allow her to live with them till she had her business arranged to return to Germany. Her pupils, in consequence of their mother's behaviour, became more and more unmanageable. While she was giving the two girls their lesson, one of the boys came in cracking a horse-whip, which he continued doing in spite of her

remonstrances. He was in the act of cracking it again, when Miss Campbell snatched it out of his hand.

“Get out, you bastard!” cried the baffled little rascal. Under a soft and feminine demeanour, Lily Campbell had all the high spirit of her father, warmed by the Afghan blood of her mother. An Oriental is cruelly susceptible to shame or insult. She panted for breath; the blood flushed in her face. The boy looked at her for a moment, and then ran away to tell the story, in his own way, to his mother. Miss Campbell followed. Mrs. Kin-noul attempted to excuse the boy in so guilty a way, that it was clear he had only repeated what she had said herself. I have no pleasure in describing any such scenes. Miss Campbell declared she would not remain any longer under Mrs. Kin-noul’s roof, and went to pack up her things, which, in her excited state of feeling, did not take long. One of the girls came into the room: “Mamma says that if you go away in such a manner, she will not pay you any wages.”

“Tell your mamma,” said Miss Campbell, “that is just the sort of thing I should expect her to do.”

She went on with her preparations, when she heard some one come sobbing to the door. It was the youngest girl. “You must not go away, Miss Campbell,” said she. “It was very wicked of John; and papa will be so angry when he finds you gone; and I know that mamma is very anxious you should stay; and, dear Miss Campbell, I shall die of a broken heart if you go away,” said the little girl, bursting again into tears. Lily cried too, kissed the child, and tried to console her. Mrs. Kinnoul sent in the arrears of her salary, which Miss Campbell left lying on the table. Lily had spoken to Mrs. Gibson about the way the Kinnouls treated her. “I do not like talking against people whose bread I eat,” said she; “but they do it so openly, that they cannot wish it concealed.” Mrs. Gibson had invited her to come and stay with her, giving her address in Edinburgh; and Lily had engaged to pay her a visit if she went to Glasgow. There was a wood-

sawyer near Kinnoul House, who gave her a cart to take her trunks to the railway. In three hours she was in Mrs. Gibson's house in Edinburgh. That lady received her in the kindest manner. Lily told her everything, and wept and sobbed as if she were going distracted. "It is not so much for myself that I feel," said she; "but such horrid imputations are an insult on the memory of my father and mother, who are now dead, and cannot defend themselves. And what is worst of all, I cannot clear their memory to another person, though I am sure of it myself. I am sure my father was one of the best of men, and loved my mother very much, and would never have done such a thing."

Mrs. Gibson said what she could to console the unfortunate girl. She pointed out that it was very easy for malicious people to cast doubts upon the legitimacy of anybody born in a distant country, which was generally taken for granted unless the contrary could be proved; and that if she felt confident of her own legitimacy, she



ought not to be put about by any low insult. Two days after, Mr. Kinnoul appeared. His wife had informed him that Miss Campbell had gone away to Edinburgh ; she did not know for what reason, but thought she had gone mad.

Mr. Kinnoul was very sorry when he heard the true story from Mrs. Gibson. He left with her the arrears of Miss Campbell's salary. He also brought a letter for Miss Campbell ; it was from Mr. M'Naught, in Glasgow, in reply to her own, saying that he would be very happy to receive her in his house again as long as she wished. Lily stayed three days in Edinburgh with Mrs. Gibson. It was easy to see how fond she must have been of her father ; for though sensitive on the subject, she could never avoid alluding to him. There was something, too, in her address and manners which reminded one of the Major. Mr. White, who saw her at Mrs. Gibson's, was quite struck with it, and paid her the most unaffected honours on hearing she was Major Campbell's daughter ; and she seemed to enjoy his company very much. Ran-

dolph was on his voyage to Hamburg when all these things were doing. He was rather astonished on White's informing him that he had seen Miss Campbell at Mrs. Gibson's. He called at that lady's next morning; Miss Campbell was away to Glasgow, but he heard the whole story from Mrs. Gibson. "I am so sorry for her," said she; "she is a winsome lassie. Could you not do anything to help her?"

"How help her?" asked Randolph.

"Perhaps to prove her father's marriage."

"I scarcely think that could be done."

"How do you mean? Do you think her father was not married to her mother?"

"Well, to say the truth, which I know you will not repeat, I do not think he was."

"She believes it herself."

"Oh! that is very natural; but I know that Major Campbell was believed by the other officers to be an unmarried man, though I once heard that he had an Afghan lady, who lived with him, when he was younger. I never heard him say that he

had a daughter. Indeed, I think nobody knew of it. Besides, though he mentions the name of Miss Campbell's mother in his will, he never calls her his wife. If he was not unmarried, it would be difficult for any one to prove himself so."

"But I thought her father was such a good man; and I have heard you say that yourself over and over again."

"And so he was. I do not think I ever knew a better; but all men have their failings, and this was, in those days, the failing of his class and calling."

"Well, I can never think any one who could do that a good man."

"Perhaps you are too severe on that point, like most women," said Randolph, warmly; "perhaps Major Campbell was not exactly a saint, after the Scottish pattern. He was no bigot, be it understood, as most of our Scotch saints are; and bigotry is the blackest vice of all. Men like Henri Quatre and Count Egmont have been held up as the type of all that is noble; and yet how much purer Major Campbell was than either of them."

“Oh, Randolph ! I am very sorry to see you have picked up such opinions in India. How can you defend such bad practices ? See the misery he has brought upon his poor daughter to-day, all that he himself might escape, at most, a little scandal twenty years ago.”

“But,” said Randolph, after a pause, “you do not know how the thing came about ; besides, I know very well that the Major intended to retire from the service, just when he was on the point of gaining the command of his regiment, which had been the ambition of his whole life, in order to go to Europe to live with his daughter. What more could he do ? If he had foreseen all the misfortunes that would fall upon her, he would, I am sure, have taken steps to prevent them ; but he is dead, and no one has a right to judge him harshly. I am deeply sorry I have not been able to defend his body and lay it in the grave ; but I shall try to save his memory from insult, and protect his daughter from insolence. I mean,” said he, turning red and trembling, “that if Lilia Campbell

will take me for her protector, I have an arm strong enough to punish any one who would annoy her, and honour enough for us both. It is enough for me that she is Major Campbell's daughter."

"That is very noble and generous of you, my dear boy ; and I dare say Miss Campbell will make a very good wife to you. I hope you are able to marry ; for I heard you grumbling at the smallness of your pay, the other day."

"Oh, yes," said Randolph, cheerfully ; "my wounded leg is nearly as strong as the other. I have got the thousand pounds, that Miss M'Gowan left me, paid down, and that will keep me in pocket for a good while to come. Besides, I have my blood-money and double batta."

They had a long conversation about Major Campbell and his daughter. "Above all things," said Randolph to Mrs. Gibson, at the close of their parley, "do not tell Tinie about this ; she and Mrs. Reid would have such a gossip over it."



“Well, I shall say nothing,” replied Mrs. Gibson, laughing; “but I fear she will soon guess.”

People may have different opinions upon the nature of the martyrdom which our hero had undertaken to bear; and few will be inclined to think that he made up his mind to marry Miss Campbell out of pure gratitude and generosity. His imagination had been deeply struck by her romantic history and appearance. Love will make some men do almost anything; but I do not think our hero's heart was so seriously affected, nor that he would ever have been altogether the slave of blind passion. He had thought over the thing maturely. Honour and worldly estimation were dear to him as to a soldier. It is true that there is nothing derogatory to one's honour in marrying an illegitimate child, if her own character be good; but though a man may care nothing about pedigree, very few people are indifferent who their father and mother were, or their wife's father and mother either. Under other circumstances, our

hero would not have taken a step like this so hastily. Therefore some credit is justly due to him, though he was not likely to lose anything by his devotion.

## CHAPTER XII.

CONTAINS MUCH ABOUT LAW AND LOVE—WHO GOT THE  
CIVILIAN?

THE reader will perhaps wish to know something of Miss Campbell's character; so I shall give the impression it made upon myself. She was kind-hearted and generous, possessed of very strong family affections; under ordinary circumstances, gay and lively; fond of company and amusement, without being weak or vain, as people of such tastes so often are. I never saw any one possessed of so much tact and subtlety of intellect. When she came amongst strangers, she was very quiet at first, and, after hearing them speak a little, by some intuition she seemed always to catch the leading points of their character. Nobody ever perceived more quickly or more correctly how to accommodate

herself to different people. This was founded on a natural finesse of disposition, probably inherited from her mother ; it seemed to act of itself without plan or prompting, and was quite unaccompanied by any tendency to intrigue or obsequiousness. There was something about her manners and appearance which some people thought very peculiar, and others very charming. No doubt it was owing to her birth and education ; her father was a Scotchman, her mother an Afghan ; she passed her childhood in India, and was educated in Germany. Her manners were those of a German lady, improved by her own natural tact and sensibility. The manners of the Germans are pleasing ; they have an innate “benevolence in small things ;” politeness with them seems to come from the heart, with the French to come from the head, and with the English to be the result of training and precept. She could speak English and German perfectly, French very tolerably, and was well enough informed in most points of modern education. Of book-learning she had little, and did not seem to

care much about increasing it. In Germany no one is forced to learn music who does not appear to have a natural talent for it; and most likely this was found to be the case with her, for she never played. Her great accomplishment was drawing. Her water-colours were very much admired; they had a delicate ideal grace about them, which showed that she seized upon and loved to reproduce the more beautiful features of a landscape. I do not deny this often leads people into error. The pre-Raphaelites have done much good by bringing artists back to a closer study of Nature; but, in my humble opinion, they are too apt to forget the limited nature of human execution. They try to draw everything with equally severe detail; and hence the most difficult, the most delicate, and, to the human mind, the most important parts are often the worst done; and those which are easiest expressed by the pencil, stand disagreeably out, like the dresses in a milliner's fashion-book. Hence the excessive stiffness of pre-Raphaelite paintings. A landscape painting is a landscape, which has passed



through the mind, and has been imitated by the human hand ; that is, the human hand reproduces a limited number of refractions of light similar to some of those in the original. The medium will always modify the details of the object, as surely as the best optical instruments are still subject to some degree of aberration. Fidelity to Nature is to be praised, though not a fidelity which must sacrifice the proper relation of the whole, to reproduce some easily-imitated parts. Can we ever have an artist who will realise the proportion of Nature by a perfect proportion of execution ?

Mrs. Gibson had informed Randolph that Miss Campbell was coming to Edinburgh on a certain day, in order to see her lawyer ; and so you may guess Randolph called up that night. He found Miss Campbell sitting with Miss Gibson and Mrs. Reid. The conversation turned upon Mr. White. Randolph was very witty over the recent mishaps of the civilian ; Mrs. Reid and Tinie Gibson evidently thought too much so.

“ It is very easy running down and laughing at

people in that way, merely because they want to get married," said Tinie Gibson.

"You'll have the less difficulty in joining in, mademoiselle," replied Randolph.

"I don't choose to do any such thing," rejoined the young lady, shortly. "I have no desire to be tiresome."

"Very good. I won't make any more irreverent jests upon Mr. White; and, I suppose, I may include yourself, too, with him?"

"Yes, it includes me and Miss Campbell, and excludes you and Mrs. Reid."

"Why should Mrs. Reid and I be classed together?"

"Because Mrs. Reid is married, and you don't want to be married."

"And on what ground do you make that conclusion?" said Randolph.

"From what I have heard you often say."

"How very malicious you are! That is merely because you never saw me flirting with anybody;" an observation he thought Tinie might take to herself.

“Haven’t I?” replied Tinie.

“If you have,” said Randolph, “it is more than I am aware of.”

“Well, if it annoys you so much, I shall not mention instances.”

“I defy you to do so,” cried Randolph, indignantly.

“Who was the young lady,” rejoined Tinie, “with whom you came back from L’Isle, after seeing Vaocluse?”

People should be cautious in appealing to the recollections of old friends, especially during a dispute. It was only ended by the entrance of the gentleman in whose name it had commenced. They all arranged that they should make a party to Roslin and Hawthornden, on the morrow; and Miss Campbell was persuaded to stay, in order to join it. The party consisted of Mrs. Gibson and her family, Mr. White, Randolph, Dr. and Mrs. Reid, and Miss Campbell. Randolph remembered this day as one of the happiest in his life. The fine clear sunshine, the light breeze, the verdure of those

lovely glens, the proud romance of their history, the associations of boyhood, the hopes of his heart, the gay company of his friends—all heightened the delicate pleasure a lover feels in the presence of his mistress. Who does not treasure up the memory of one of these sunny days, in which we become aware how happy a living soul may be; when the heart and the taste are alike gratified, and the mind, without effort, sports in its brightest thoughts? We cannot bring these days at will; repeat all the former combinations, yet they return not. To be supremely happy, even for an hour, is dependent on so many difficult conditions, that those who seek for happiness most zealously are the readiest to acknowledge their failure. Take a gratification of the simplest kind; every clear evening the sun sets in splendour; go out to see it, you derive little pleasure, are listless—wish to go away—to do something else. Another time, when you are not thinking of it, the beauty of sunset overpowers you; your whole soul is lost in it, and you think, Why does it not entrance me thus every evening?

The remembrance of one of these pleasant days has more sweetness in it than months of every-day life.

“Memory is the only paradise out of which we cannot be driven.” \*

\* So says Jean Paul Richter. Dante, in a celebrated passage, gives the contrary sentiment—

Nessun maggior dolore  
Che recorderse del tempo felice  
Nella miseria.

To this replies Alfred de Musset—

Dante pourquoi dis tu qu’il n’est pire misère  
Qu’un souvenir heureux dans les jours de douleur ?  
Quel chagrin t’a dicté cette parole amère,  
Cette offense au malheur !  
En est-il donc moins vrai que la lumière existe  
Et faut-il l’oublier du moment qu’il fait nuit ?  
Est-ce bien toi, grande âme immortellement triste,  
Est-ce toi qui l’as dit ?  
Non par ce pur flambeau dont la splendeur m’éclaire,  
Ce blasphème vanté ne vient pas de ton cœur.  
Un souvenir heureux est peut-être sur terre  
Plus vrai que le bonheur.

Horace gives the same idea after his own fashion—

Ille potens sui lætusque deget,  
Cui licet in diem dixisse vixi ; cras vel atra  
Nube polum Pater occupato  
Vel sole puro ; non tamen irritum  
Quodcunque retro est efficiet ; neque  
Diffinget infectumque.  
Reddet quod fugiens hora semel vexit.

*Hor. “Od.,” lib. iii., c. 29.*



Miss Campbell learned, for the first time, that Randolph had been at Berncastel in search of her ; and she informed him of the extreme difficulty she had in getting possession of the property at home. Randolph offered his assistance in pushing on the lawyers.

The man who had the affair in his hands was a Mr. Freeth, an accountant. Major Campbell had employed him, because he had been acquainted with his family. He had borne a fair character when he set out ; but, having an extravagant wife, had, step by step, become one of the most rapacious of scriveners. When the news of Major Campbell's death came, the affair looked like a little mine of gold to him. The property, originally bequeathed by Major Campbell's mother, was worth two hundred pounds a year, of which he had managed to make over about one-half, every year, to himself. We have seen how he got rid of Miss Campbell. Then there were rightful heirs to be searched for. They turned up in all parts of the country—Stirling, Aberdeen, and Argyleshire. Then their claims

had to be investigated. They all came to Edinburgh separately; Mr. Freeth talked to each of them in a friendly and confidential manner; invited him to dinner, and explained a little plan he, the accountant, had for getting his present guest a larger share than the others. They all severally agreed to leave the matter entirely in Mr. Freeth's hands, and quarrelled with and railed at one another. One thing struck them, after a few months' waiting—no money was paid: but they were disunited, and ignorant of affairs, and Mr. Freeth always anticipated being able “to wind up the little affair very soon.” When Miss Campbell produced her claims, the money was still in the hands of the worthy accountant. Miss Campbell, wishing to get the business transacted as quietly as possible, imagined that it could be settled by an interview with Mr. Freeth. That gentleman was, of course, rather disturbed by the unexpected turn of affairs. A little reflection, however, showed him that, after all, he was not likely to lose anything by it himself. Major Campbell had confided the

whole state of the matter to the accountant when he put the property into his hands. The Commissioner, moreover, had taken care that the will should be properly attested; and he saw he could gain nothing by questioning its validity. But if he could get this new business into his own hands, he might manage to make a good deal out of it.

“A very fortunate circumstance the finding of the will has been for you, Miss Campbell,” said he.

“Yes; I should wish the matter arranged as soon as possible.”

“Oh, yes; we shall manage that.”

“When do you think it could be arranged?”

“Well, I can’t say the precise day; it must come before the Court, of course.”

“Could that not be avoided?”

“Oh, no, certainly not; it must come before the Court. Just leave it to me, and I’ll manage that.”

“When do you think it could be finally arranged?”

“In a few months—in a very few months.”

Miss Campbell rose to go away.

“Would you be so good as to give me back the papers?”

“Oh, no, I can’t spare them just now: I must look over them. Just lend me them for a day or two.”

Miss Campbell looked very doubtful: Randolph had advised her not to lose sight of the papers. Her instinct was beginning to get alarmed.

“What are you afraid of?” cried Mr. Freeth, ringing at the same time a little bell on his table. His clerk appeared.

“Do you think, Mr. Fraser, that there is any danger, considering the way things are managed in this office, of this young lady leaving her papers and the management of her affairs in our hands?”

The clerk, in forcible terms, intimated his entire confidence in the honour of Mr. Freeth. This was a piece of stage effect which the accountant had tried upon several simple ladies with great success; but Miss Campbell was so much alarmed at it, that, without being able to get the papers out of his

hands, she walked away as quickly as possible, and told the whole story to Mrs. Gibson. She advised Miss Campbell to employ another agent at once, and went with her to the house of a writer to the signet whom she could recommend.

“Of course,” said he, “it would never do to employ Mr. Freeth to get the matter out of his own hands: he is a very sharp man. I have got another piece of work with him just now.” The man of law laughed at their fears about the will.

“Oh, he must give it up: he naturally wishes to keep the affair in his own hands. Was the will properly punctuated?”

We shall now leave the two business gentlemen to practise against one another, taking this opportunity of recording experience, that there are many honourable men engaged in the profession of the law, and in that of accountant, to boot. People often grumble at the highness of their charges. Writers and solicitors work very hard, and do not make any enormous incomes by it, after all. If they impose upon their clients, which some of them



certainly do, it is more by creating needless work, than by asking too much for what they perform.

This happened before Miss Campbell left Edinburgh. Randolph, of course, took advantage of every opportunity of seeing and corresponding with her, and making himself useful in pushing on the affair. These chances, however, became rarer and rarer. At last he could not see Lily at all, and had no decent excuse for writing to her. So he determined to diminish the length of his range, went to Glasgow, and boldly called upon Miss Campbell. Mr. M'Naught, like a true Highlander, received our hero with all the honours justly due to military men, and his welcome was echoed by the whole family—Mrs. M'Naught, five Misses M'Naught, two Masters M'Naught, and one Highland nurse. Lieutenant Methyl's name was continually in their mouths, and quoted to all their friends. Whether Randolph had occasion to remain in Glasgow for a few days, or to pass through it to sail down the Clyde, in order to ascend Ben Nevis, or to visit Loch Awe, he met with an equally

hilarious welcome. But he could not flatter himself that his suit was making any progress with Lily. Indeed, the Misses M'Naught remarked that Miss Campbell was always quieter and more retiring when Randolph came.

"That strange, weird-like fairy, how she has bewitched me," thought Randolph. "I vowed never to fall in love again, and here I can neither eat nor sleep on account of a Persian girl that does not appear to care a pin for me. I really cannot remain in this uncertainty."

One day, Tinie Gibson made some playful allusion to him and Miss Campbell. To her surprise, he did not shun the subject.

"Do you think Miss Campbell would have me, Christina?"

"Oh, of course," said she; "not to have you would be like tearing out the last leaf of a romance."

"Ah, yes," said Randolph, "romances in real life are often not finished."

"Oh, you must not despair," said Tinie, hopefully.

“But do you think, seriously, she would take me?”

“Well, I don’t know, Randolph. I never asked her.”

“But you must have some opinion on the subject.”

“I assure you I don’t know. It is not easy to get any secret out of her; she is not like other girls, and won’t talk about such things.”

“Did she never speak to you about her plans?”

“I have heard her say that she was going back to Germany whenever her affairs were settled.”

“Very unsatisfactory,” thought Randolph. “There is no breach; at least, no one can report upon it. I suppose I must try a *coup de main*, for I can wait no longer.”

“The best thing you can do,” resumed Miss Gibson, “is to ask her.”

“But if she won’t have me?”

“Well, what more can you do?” replied the young lady.

“What more can I do!” cried Randolph, indignantly.

“I suppose,” said Tinie, with a conscious smile, “you would take to somebody else.”

“That infernal gossip, Mrs. Reid!” thought Randolph.

So our hero went to Glasgow: he had to wait two days before he could get an opportunity of speaking to Miss Campbell alone; for the Misses M'Naught were continually in the room. At last—

“I have been wishing to have an opportunity of speaking alone to you, Miss Campbell.”

No reply.

Randolph thought for something to say; but all his ideas had deserted him. Miss Campbell sat quite still, with no sign of emotion save a dim flash in her deep black eyes.

“I think you can guess what I have to say—I love you; it is the highest wish of my heart that you should be my wife.”

He waited half a minute for an answer.

“ I am sorry,” said she, in a low voice ; “ I—to disappoint you—but that cannot be.”

“ What do you say ? ” cried Randolph, rising, and drawing nearer to her. “ You are mocking me.”

“ It is the sober truth, I say. Mr. Methyl, I beseech you, leave me alone.”

“ No ! I shall not. No ! I cannot,” said Randolph, passionately.

She started : a heavy footstep was coming along the passage.

“ You shall marry me yet, Lily,” said Randolph, in an excited tone.

She shook her head sadly.

The door opened : in rushed Mr. M'Naught.

“ Oh ! Methyl, my dear fellow, I am delighted to see you ; I was so sorry I missed you yesterday. How have you been getting on ? ”

Mrs. M'Naught now appeared, and Randolph saw that his chance of a further audience was lost. Miss Campbell went out of the room at the first opportunity, and, though he waited for an hour



longer, she did not return. Randolph was afraid they would remark his dejection; and as the effort to keep up an appearance of gaiety became more and more painful, he declined Mr. M'Naught's invitation to stay to dinner, and went away. He returned next morning; but the Misses M'Naught informed him that Miss Campbell was indisposed and confined to her room. Randolph returned to Edinburgh without seeing her, thinking over the affair in his own sad mind. There was something unaccountable in it. Could she have heard about Mrs. Morris? Perhaps Mrs. Reid had said something; but then she knew nothing of their last meeting. Randolph had never breathed the secret to a soul, and there was no fear of Mrs. Morris having done so. Besides, Mrs. Reid was so good-natured even in her gossip. Another notion started. Could he have any rival? These Glasgow fellows—I hear she has been much admired; perhaps Mr. White. White had spent some time in her company when he was away at Hamburg, and, when she came into Edinburgh, he was always

at the Gibsons'. He had thought that Christina was the attraction ; but who could say ? White was not such a fool as he imagined when he first saw him, and was eager to get some one to marry. Very likely he had paid Lily some attentions. These women ! their perversity is enough to drive a man mad twenty times !

It would have afforded our hero relief had he been able to hear the exclamations which Mr. White himself was giving vent to, pacing up and down his rooms in Princes Street. " Dear, fascinating creature ! dearest Christina ! I wonder if she really thinks of me ; that young fellow Methyll can go into the house at any time, and stay there, I verily believe, just as he pleases ; and yet he does not seem to know the value of the privilege of breathing the same air. How familiar they are, too ! They address one another by their Christian names, but—well that——. I cannot imagine that he has not fallen in love with her ; and yet he talks carelessly to her, and seems more to take after Miss Campbell. No accounting for tastes. I often

thought that *her* eye followed him : when a fellow has got a laurel branch in his hand, all the girls run after him—

—— donne innamorate

Amano averne e seni e tempie ornate.”

It occurred to the learned gentleman that the easiest way to find out whether Randolph was a rival or not, was to confide his own passion to him. “If he is in my way, I shall soon see it; if not, I dare say he will help me.” This resolution he carried out. Randolph was in rather an unsociable mood; but, after staying two hours, the secret came out at last. The hearty welcome with which Randolph greeted the news, removed every uneasiness. Randolph’s mind had been too much engrossed by his own affairs to note the progress of Mr. White’s wooing. But he cheerfully met that gentleman’s suggestion that he might sound the state of Miss Gibson’s feelings. Ill-fortune had rendered the civilian timid and despondent. So Randolph set out, leaving Mr. White in his lodgings.

Christina Gibson was a lively young lady, good-natured, cheerful, and warm-hearted. She had a prettily rounded figure, with a very fair complexion and rosy cheeks, light brown hair, and blue eyes. Randolph had an impression that, like a sensible girl, Tinie had a healthy desire to get married to some nice young gentleman, and went upon his mission in a hopeful mood. He did the thing in proper diplomatic form, giving an elegant eulogium to Mr. White. He praised him for the purity of his life, his learning, modesty, amiability, and enviable position. Tinie declared that she knew nothing about it, that she had never considered the matter before ; besides that, she did not like go-betweens, and that she had no doubt Randolph would go and laugh over the thing with some idle person.

“ You are a dear creature, Tinie,” said Randolph, fairly taking her in his arms, and giving her a kiss.

“ Upon my word,” cried the young lady, highly offended, “ you are an impudent thing.”

“I meant to do it as proxy,” apologised Randolph.

“Very nice proxy,” replied she, pouting; “go back to your principal, and tell him not to send such a forward proxy again. I shall inform Miss Campbell of your doings.”

Randolph then went to Mrs. Gibson. She did not like the idea of her daughter’s going to India; but, after a good deal of argument and explanation, she said, “Very well, Randolph; it is a higher position than I ever wished for my daughter. I shall leave it to Christina herself. But it would have been well, both for mothers and daughters, if the English had never set foot in India.”

Randolph then told her the result of his short interview with Miss Campbell.

“There must be some mistake about it,” said Mrs. Gibson; “you must see her again. These young girls are seldom in a hurry to get married. Women do not feel very anxious about getting husbands till well out of their teens.”



“I intend to write to her,” said Randolph.

“You must not do that. Don’t push her too hard. Wait till she comes here. I think she will be in Edinburgh within a week. I think I could help you in the matter a little.”

Randolph waited impatiently. The assurance that Miss Campbell was obliged to come to Edinburgh for her law affairs, was the hope on which he rested. When she did come, Mrs. Gibson tried to keep her promise. After some pressing, Lily told that kind lady the motives under which she had refused him.

“You know the unhappy accident of my birth?”

“But what has that to do with it? Randolph knows the outs and ins of it.”

“Yes, I know he does,” said Lily; “and I am sure he does not think my mother was married.”

“Did he say so to you?”

“Oh, no; but I know he thinks so.”

“And it is that which displeases you?”

“Oh, no; but somehow or other every one I

see now is of the same opinion ; and,” bursting into tears, “I am commencing to doubt it myself.”

“But what, then, has that to do with Randolph?”

“Oh, Mrs. Gibson, you see it well enough. I do not choose to bring a stain upon the name of an honourable young gentleman.”

“And that is the reason why you refused him? I scarcely think,” went on Mrs. Gibson, “that you ought to have done so without seeing how Randolph felt the thing. I think your refusal has already cost him more pain than the worst things that ill-natured people could say.”

“But it would do him a great deal of harm in the army ; and after we were married, he might repent of it.”

“My dear girl,” said Mrs. Gibson, “when you have lived as long as me, you will begin to think the opinion strangers have of you as of very little consequence. Marry Randolph, dear

boy, and you have more in your power to make him happy than all the rest of the world to annoy him. Do you not think that God is as much your Father as his? Do not distress yourself too much about what *men* think and say. No one will think it improper that Randolph, who met with so much kindness from your father, and avenged his death, should marry his daughter."

Mrs. Gibson related to her the account she had heard from Randolph of the Major's death, which was quite new to Lily, and affected her much. There was a long discussion; but she yielded at last, and the kind lady had soon the happiness of seeing them all completely happy. Miss Campbell came to Edinburgh to live with her, to help Christina to get her things ready.

It was necessary that Mr. White should go away in a week if he was to be in India before the end of his six months' leave; but of course Miss Gibson could not be moved at such short notice. He was obliged to apply for two months' more leave, which of course our genial and kind-hearted

Secretary of State for India, Sir Charles Wood, granted at once.

Miss M'Quire might talk, and gossips repeat what she said ; but Miss Gibson was the envy of her female acquaintances.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE RIVER FLOWS INTO THE SEA.

ONE of the first questions that Randolph asked his betrothed was, why she had signed her name Laili, in the letter addressed to the Major.

She said it was because her father had wished her to have a Christian name, and changed the one she had always borne in India, Laili Jan, into Lilia Jane. Which was her real name she did not know. At any rate, Lily was a very striking misnomer, and she never got it again.

“You must, dear Laili,” said our hero, “enter on the privilege of knowing my secrets, and I shall trouble you to keep this one, so I shall tell you it from the beginning, to make sure that you are listening. You know that I was left an orphan



very early, and brought up by my aunt. Many people thought I would have the property when she died ; but she left it to a Mr. M'Gowan, and I got a thousand pounds. When I returned to Edinburgh, I called at the old family agent, Mr. Norie, writer to the signet, in order to get my legacy paid. He, however, was no longer in the management of the affairs; he had lately lost a great deal of money, and had become very deaf. He asked me to come back and see him, which I did, more, I suspect, out of a desire to get a hint or two as to the management of my lady's affairs, than from any active benevolence. The old gentleman was fond of talking, and told me many things I liked to hear about my mother."

"I should like to hear all about her. I wonder if she would have loved me?"

"Of course she would, Laili Jan. Who could help loving you? But we shall talk of that by-and-by." He said that Miss M'Gowan, before she died, wanted to alter her will. How she had left everything to the M'Gowans, he could not

understand ; because she was not easy to get round, and very suspicious. However, during the last year of her life, they got great influence over her. I was away in India, as you know. It was they who got me the cadetship, for which I am still grateful, as through it I have had the opportunity of knowing and loving you, my dearest. When she felt herself really dying, a change seemed to come over the old lady. She sent for Mr. Edgar, in Dunnion, who was ill and could not come ; and then she sent to Edinburgh for Mr. Norie. It appeared, from what he said, that the M'Gowans had delayed the letter several days, and when he came in the evening, they would not let him see her till the morning. She was very feeble, and could not speak loud enough for Mr. Norie to hear ; he understood that she wished to leave me a larger share of the estate, and said that it rightfully belonged to me ; but she was evidently dying, and any alteration in her will would have been overruled as illegal. Mr. M'Gowan behaved with great insolence to poor

old Norie, and took the affairs out of his hands. The old man was the lawyer of my grandfather and aunt, and knows all the family affairs. He says the farm of Whin Braes (a very promising name, isn't it?) was left to my mother by my grandfather, and she never either came into possession of it nor made it over to my aunt. I said I had understood that my grandfather, who was rather a wild old gentleman, had left the estate so deep in law and in debt, that my father did not think his share worth having. Old Norie said that my father had never legally given it up, that he had not properly understood the state of affairs, and that the debt upon the estate was not half so great as it appeared at first. Norie said that he himself explained how it stood to Miss M'Gowan; but she replied, 'They might find that out for themselves. If the farm was worth having, it was worth asking after.' "

"But why did he not tell your father?" observed Laili.

"Well, I asked him that, too," replied Randolph. "He said that Miss M'Gowan was his

client at the time, and that he could not have done so without her approval. He seemed to think that a quite sufficient answer to my question."

"Oh, that was very wrong."

"Yes, there is something about it I cannot bear thinking upon. There is a proverb, 'Say nothing of the dead but what is good;' that is simply impossible. I think I can understand how Miss M'Gowan viewed the matter; she thought she had rescued the whole estate by her own exertions: I know she plumed herself very much upon that. She was grasping and avaricious, and probably persuaded herself that, after all, she had the best right to the farm. I believe she actually did assist my mother after my father's death, though there was little intercourse between them. Mr. Norie said that my mother knew nothing about affairs, and was very much afraid of her elder sister. However, we wrote to Mr. M'Gowan, claiming the farm, and he, after being twice written to, sent back a weak and foolish letter, 'wishing us,' he says, 'to make a compromise.' But that won't do.

Nothing short of the honour of making you the lady of Whin Braes."

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Randolph and she spoke a great deal about the M'Gowans and their family history. One day, Laili, bringing a silk bag, said, "I shall show you my genealogy." It was full of papers in the Persian character.

"Can you read them?" asked Randolph.

"No; I used to be able to spell a word here and there, but have forgotten the letters."

One paper contained the genealogical tree of her mother's father, by which it appeared that he was originally descended from Adam, through Mahomet and Ishmael. After amusing themselves with the pedigree, Randolph turned over the other papers. There were some Persian poems and a few Hindustani songs; but his eye rested upon one paper.

"What is that?" said Laili?

He looked at it very attentively.

"It appears to be a certificate of some kind or other."



“Read it,” said she, impatiently.

“I can’t,” replied Randolph; “it is in Persian, and not easy to be made out.”

“I remember,” said she, “my father told me to keep these papers carefully; for there was one of importance among them. I showed them to Dr. von Drosse, professor of Oriental languages, who said that he had looked over them all, and that they were only a genealogy and some Persian poems.”

“Very likely the worthy professor could not read them. That is like the story Abdulla told of a learned professor who wished to speak Arabic with him; as the Egyptian remarked, ‘No doubt he was speaking some language, but not Arabic.’”

“But of what is the certificate?” cried Laili, impatiently.

“I shall take it to White, who will help me to read it; he is a pretty good Persian scholar, and is accustomed to such documents.”

“Oh! do so,” said she.

Randolph hurried away to the civilian's lodgings; but he too had a great difficulty in making out the paper. It is common enough in India to meet with magistrates who cannot read half the documents upon which they have to decide the cases brought before them. It is easy to perceive how much they are thus in the power of their native secretaries. And one begins to see the reason natives are so ready to forge title-deeds and other important papers. However, Mr. White applied his mind to decipher the paper, and before they separated that night, Randolph had a complete English translation, a copy of which he left at Mrs. Gibson's as it was late, and Miss Campbell had retired to her own room. She read it before she slept. It was a certificate from the Mulvi Nizam-u-Din, Persian interpreter with Nott's army at Candahar, that he had, in the year of the Hegira 1258, married Lieutenant Campbell Sahib, Butiana-ka Paltan, to Hosein Jahan, daughter of Hasan Ali Khan, of Herat, and niece of the Durani Sheikh, Suleiman Abdali Jan. There were

two witnesses, Pir Baksh, munshi, and Ibrahim Ali, native doctor.

It cost Randolph a great deal of correspondence to authenticate the certificate. It was undoubtedly a duplicate. The other copy had probably been effaced by the damp, when hid along with the rest of the Major's papers. It was written in native ink. However, through Pir Baksh, who was no other than his old munshi at Meerut, he learned that the mulvi was dead; but the native doctor still alive and residing at Umballa: the latter gave an account of the circumstances under which the marriage had taken place. Lieutenant Campbell had been sent with a body of men to reduce a refractory tribe, on the first occupation of Cabul. The chief made an obstinate resistance, and was killed in action. His niece was carried away by the Sepoys, and rescued from their hands by Lieutenant Campbell; but as they had already marched off from the place, it was impossible, that day, to send her back. Her friends had all taken flight, and on hearing that her uncle was dead, she

showed no great desire to return to the custody of her aunt. Hosein Jahan was an orphan girl of sixteen, who had lost her husband a short time after being betrothed. She was thus easily persuaded to stay with the young officer, who afterwards privately married her. She always lived in Mahomedan seclusion, and never saw Europeans.

Randolph thought of the verses in Homer, which he found Cowper had thus translated—

And of all mankind  
Can none be found who love their proper wives  
But the Atridæ? There is no good man  
Who loves not, guards not, and with care provides  
For his own wife; and, though in battle won,  
I loved the fair Briseïs at my heart.

He repeated them to Laili, who was very much touched with them, and got Randolph to copy them into her album. He at the same time gave an account of the Major's discussion with Mr. Paterson, on the position of womankind. But Laili would not believe that he had faithfully rendered her father's sentiments.

“Oh, you know you are not talking in earnest,

Randolph; you must have misunderstood my father."

"Excuse me, mademoiselle; I understood him well enough, and am quite in earnest."

"Well, there must have been some mistake. My mother lived like an Eastern lady: for she had been brought up as such, and did not wish to adopt new manners; but my father would never have wished me to do the same. Perhaps you wish to lock me up in a zenana; I am much obliged to you. Ah, you are laughing. Well, I believe you made up the whole out of your own head."

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"Oh, by the way, one thing I wish to ask you, Laili: did you ever write to Major Campbell anything about a young lady called Emily Winton?"

"Yes; I remember my father wrote, saying that he had seen her at Meerut, and that she was very good-looking, and that she had lived some time in Coblentz, and had been in Berncastel."

"And what did you write back?"



“ Oh, never mind,” replied she.

“ Come, now, I meant no offence. Was she not a nice girl ? ” persisted Randolph.

“ I do not know. A young lady who had been in a boarding-school at Heidelberg told me a queer story about her.”

“ Oh, that was about a duel,” said Randolph ; “ but what was the use of sending that out to India ? ”

“ Well, I told papa not to repeat it to any one.”

“ Then the story was intended for papa. Why did he write about her at all ? I suppose she was looking out for somebody to marry her.”

“ I see,” said Randolph, “ you women are all sisters to one another.”

“ And men are all brothers. Why do you take such an interest in Miss Winnington ? Oh, yes ! I see it all now : I knew that you had had some flirtation in India.”

“ Who told you that ? ” said Randolph, looking very much confused in his turn.

“ Nobody told me.”

“Then what makes you think so?”

“You had better deny it,” said she, laughing.

“Then, if you are so sure of it, some one must either have told or written to you about it.”

“Why, one only needs to see you just now,” replied she, looking him in the face. “The first suspicion I had was when Miss Gibson accused you of flirting with a French lady.”

“How? what did that make you suspect?” asked Randolph.

“Oh, I saw such a pleasant expression in Mrs. Reid’s eye.”

“Why, you looked as if you took not the slightest interest in what we were saying.”

“But what was it, Randolph? You must tell me all about it.”

“About what?”

“Miss Winnington. You had better do so, or I shall find it all out from Mrs. Reid.”

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Old Miss Campbell, Mrs. M’Gowan’s aunt, was very much interested on hearing of the train of

romantic incidents just related, and was highly pleased with her namesake, when Randolph took her to call on the old lady. Though no relation, she had known Major Campbell when he was a young man, and Randolph gathered from her some further particulars of his history. He was the son of a country clergyman, and had come to Edinburgh in order to learn the details of a writer to the signet's business, which his uncle promised to leave to him. While still very young, he fell violently in love with a lady, who promised to marry him, but soon after deserted him for a suitor of high rank and great wealth. This affected him deeply. He wished to leave Edinburgh; and, finding the profession of a writer distasteful, he applied for a cadetship in the East India Company's army. The history of a man's life always throws some light upon his opinions.

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The marriage of Mr. White and Miss Gibson took place a short while after. I pass over all the outfitting, packing, sobbing, and leave-taking. They

took Mr. White's sister out with them, who is now married to the Cantonment Joint Magistrate of Simarinagger. Mr. White now occupies a very good post in the Punjaub. It was only the other day Mrs. Gibson showed me a Lahore *Chronicle*, which Christina had sent, wherein he is alluded to as "that administrative giant," Mr. White.

Dr. Reid is rising in reputation in Edinburgh, and is continually reading papers in the Medico-Chirurgical Society, in writing which he is occasionally disturbed by Mrs. Reid's visitors, for she is very gay and keeps a good deal of company. They are, however, very happy with one another.

Mrs. Morris, nearly a year ago, was married to a barrister. He is a young man of considerable property, and great expectations; and, with such a wife to push him on, will no doubt make a figure in the world.

The marriage of Randolph and Miss Campbell took place about six months after that of Miss Gibson; it was delayed in consequence of the difficulty of getting the legal affairs settled. It was

celebrated 'in Glasgow at the request of Mrs. M'Naught. Frau von Greving and her daughter came from Germany to be present.

I believe there was a great deal of difficulty in getting Freeth to disgorge the property, and only one-half of it actually came out of the hands of the lawyers. The thing, however, did some damage to the accountant.

One story Randolph delights to tell. He went to Freeth's office, and had some altercation with that worthy. It was on a mere matter of opinion, whether the said Freeth really was entitled to charge a little above the whole three years' rent of a house, for the trouble of taking charge of it during the same period. Randolph held the negative side. Mr. Freeth supported the affirmative with great energy, till suddenly his voice sank to a low, coaxing tone. Randolph at first did not perceive what was the matter; but hearing voices and footsteps, he guessed that some people, no doubt clients, had come, who were being made to wait in the clerk's room—a closet through a thin partition.



Randolph immediately saw what was to be done ; he raised his voice as if talking on parade, addressing Mr. Freeth in the style of characters on the stage who wish to put their audience in possession of the state of affairs, expatiated, repeated, and lectured, till the party in the next room must have been pretty well up to the state of matters, and the accountant got perfectly frantic. Randolph left at last, declaring that he would expose the whole affair to every one he knew, and begin next day, making a round of calls for the very purpose. Mr. Freeth actually sent Randolph a mean letter that evening, asking him not to speak about the matter any more.

“I can well comprehend your delicacy,” Randolph wrote back, “but I shall certainly lose no occasion of doing the reverse.”

We advise every one who has fallen into such hands to follow our friend’s example. The lawyers do not like publicity. It is no use going to law with one of them ; the law is his own element. You might as well swim into the sea to fight a shark. If he appears on the surface, harpoon him

pitilessly ; but take good care he does not drag you into the water—that is to say, avoid scurrilous epithets, and restrict yourself to an ungarbled statement of facts.

Whin Braes, which was worth three hundred pounds a year, was made over without difficulty, out of fear. Randolph would demand all the back rents. These he left in the Chief Justice's hands, to annul the obligation of his board and education with his aunt. On the whole, our hero holds her memory in too little respect, though he is careful what he says before strangers. I observe Mrs. Methyl believes her to have been a very ogre.

I do not write for that dull elf  
Who cannot picture to himself

the annoyance Mr. M'Gowan felt at a piece of territory lying fair before his own windows passing from his rule. Indeed, it makes his life perfectly miserable, when our hero is residing upon the spot. He wanted to make his eldest son, a stunted little fellow, captain in the Dunnion Volunteers ; but, by some unusual stretch of independence, the company

selected Randolph Methyl, and offered young M'Gowan the post of ensign. Another cause of uneasiness has begun to disquiet the M'Gowans. Their rich relation, Miss Campbell, is so fond of Randolph and his wife, that they begin seriously to be afraid that she intends leaving a great part of her money to him. For my part I hope she may live for ever, like all true, good, kind-hearted old ladies. There is no doubt, however, that she is very fond of our hero.

Randolph and his wife were in Palermo in 1860, when Garibaldi landed in Sicily; and when that great leader appeared driving the Neapolitans through the streets of Palermo, a number of men were assembled in the house where Randolph lived, grasping fowling-pieces and old swords, jabbering and threatening, but doing nothing. Randolph put himself at their head just in the nick of time when a company of the Bavaresi had rallied and turned upon half a dozen of the red-shirted Paladins of liberty. Our hero's band sallied out, he himself at their head, armed with his revolver and an old

cavalry sabre, and taking the enemy in flank, put them to rout, and made five prisoners.

Carried away with admiration at the astonishing greatness of soul of Garibaldi,\* Randolph followed him to the storming of the heights of Milazzo. He was recalled by the imploring letters of Laili, whom he expected to find on a sick-bed, but who did not appear to suffer from anything after he returned. "But," as she remarked, "married men have no business running away to fight other people's battles. It is all very well singing

Ma se in battaglia moro  
In ciel ti rivedro,

but I am not going to give up my husband in that way."

Our hero left the Bengal army. It would be difficult to estimate correctly his reasons. I know, however, that the disappointments and mortifications he endured on the Nepaul frontier had some effect in rendering the service distasteful. Like

\* Vir supra humanam potentiam magnitudine animi præditus.—*Justinus*.

most officers belonging to the Indian army, he was disgusted with the treatment they received from the home Government. "I have a father at home ; I have an unjust step-mother," said Randolph to Reid and me one day. "Our service will always be the step-son of the Horse Guards. The Company's service may have been good or bad ; but I do not wish general service—to be sent one day to Canada, and the other to New Zealand or Sierra Leone. India was the place of my future career ; I have tried to qualify myself for it, and do not wish any other sphere ; at least, in a military capacity."

"Well," quoth I, "there is no danger of your being withdrawn from it. The Government know too well the advantages of experience in India to throw them wantonly away."

"Or to *buy* them wantonly away," broke in Randolph.

"They wished," I went on, "experience of Indian character and Indian affairs to pass for little before the English public, because they



wished to manage Indian affairs themselves, and were conscious of their own ignorance; but as they gain experience, they will find out their own blunders and shortcomings, and at last arrive at the truth—that there is no country in the whole world where a knowledge of the language, of the people, of their peculiar feelings, character, and manner of procedure, is more necessary, both amongst military men and civilians, than in India. Why, the mutiny itself was the direct result of a most simple mistake; though the fact of the mutiny was used as an argument to prove that it is better our officers, in future, should have *less* experience. The home Government will now guardedly retrace their steps, and plant in India the seeds and grafts of the tree they have cut down. The staff corps will be the nucleus of a new local Indian army; and they are already hanging back about the amalgamation of the medical service.” \*

“It is all one to me,” observed Randolph. “I shall not go to India again. In a soldier’s career

\* This was written in 1862.

there are two lives; a war life, and a peace life. The war life is an exciting and glorious one; but the peace life is the poorest waste of existence I know of. I do not wish to go eight thousand miles to place my wife and myself in some sleepy cantonment, from which I am only to be relieved by an attack of ague or dysentery. I hear, too, they are going to take our bungalows from us, deduct our house allowance from our pay, and box us into so many square feet of barracks. I believe a lieutenant gets three apartments and two bathrooms. Imagine a married man, with two or three children, in such a 'Black Hole of Calcutta!' "

"I think you are quite right in leaving India," said Dr. Reid. "They talk about Japheth dwelling in the tents of Shem. I neither know who Japheth was, nor who Shem; but I am perfectly sure the European cannot live in India. God has proclaimed that in the most unmistakable manner. He can only spend some of the strongest years of his manhood there. He cannot pass his old age in the

country where he has spent his youth ; he cannot bring up his children under his own care ; and if he does not die before his time, he returns, in bad health or premature old age, with a lot of money, which perhaps he could do well enough without."

"Well, well," said I ; "since you have given up your Indian career, I hope you have some other in view."

"So I have," replied Randolph ; "I shall tell you of it by-and-by."

THE END.

## VOCABULARY OF HINDUSTANI WORDS USED IN THE TEXT.

*Ayah.*—A lady's-maid.

*Baboo.*—A native gentleman.

*Badmash.*—A blackguard.

*Bakna.*—To chatter.

*Bara.*—Great Bara Sahib is the title the natives generally give to the Commissioner.

*Bhistie.*—A water-carrier.

*Bungalow.*—A thatched house or cottage.

*Bhurka.*—A veil worn by Mahomedan women when they go out.

*Chapattie.*—An unleavened flour cake; Scotticè, scone.

*Chokidar.*—A watchman, or policeman.

*Compound.*—An enclosure round a house, comprehending the servants' houses, stables, and garden.

*Dhobi.*—A washerman.

*Dhobin.*—A washerwoman.

*Dingy.*—A river boat.

*Gharibparwar.*—Protector of the poor.

*Ghát.*—Landing-place.

*Japanie.*—A bearer of a jaunpaun, or open sedan.

*Kerannie*.—An uncovenanted civil servant.

*Khansāma*.—A butler.

*Khidmatgār*.—A table attendant.

*Log*.—People.

*Mehtir*.—A sweeper.

*Mihterāni*.—Female sweeper.

*Mulvi*.—A Mahomedan preacher.

*Munshi*.—A clerk or tutor.

*Pahāri*.—A mountaineer.

*Pakha*.—Ripe.

*Palki*.—A palanquin or litter : a dooly is a palanquin made of cloth instead of wood ; a dindy, a litter formed by a blanket slung on a pole.

*Pugārie*.—The roll of cloth which forms the native head-dress.

*Ryot*.—A cultivator of the soil.

*Shikāri*.—Hunting.

*Sowār*.—A horseman.

*Subhadār*.—Highest native commissioned officer.

*Tawa*.—Plate of iron for baking ; Sanscrit, a girdle.

*Syce*.—A groom.

*Zamindār*.—A landed proprietor.

*Zenāna*.—The women's apartments.









